

RANTS

AND INCENDIARY TRACTS



VOICES OF
DESPERATE
ILLUMINATION
1558 TO
PRESENT

BOB BLACK

AND

ADAM PARFREY

RANTS & INCENDIARY TRACTS

VOICES OF DESPERATE ILLUMINATION
1558 - PRESENT

Edited by
Bob Black
&
Adam Parfrey

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Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.

The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings.

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.

Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.

William Blake
Proverbs of Hell

ABOUT THIS BOOK

The rants in this collection are organized chronologically. This arrangement may at first appear unhelpful or unimaginative, but rants are unruly beasts, not easily pigeonholed. Several loose categories were considered: "fuck you" rants; guerrilla rants; social darwinist rants; ethical rants; ants-in-the-pants rants; folk science rants; arty rants; leave-me/us-alone rants. But no matter how all-inclusive we made each category, the rants mewled and puked and sprawled across several categories simultaneously or else demanded their own. Although this is a historical anthology, the chronological arrangement ironically betrays a certain timeless quality: man-unkind has been ranting about the same concerns for a half of a millennium.

Introductions in sans-serif type preceding each rant are written by Bob Black [B. B.] and Adam Parfrey [A. P.]. The several introductions not written by [B. B.] or [A. P.] are indicated by non-abbreviated names in brackets at the end of their respective introductions.

Many of the rants are taken from books long out of print; a few are originals written especially for this edition; and some are available in their entirety from Loompanics and Amok: titles and ordering information for these are provided in the back of the book.

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PRELUDE

Why this book? Why is a rant so important? What makes the keening amplitude of phlegm-spittle exhortation so necessary? And what about these ideas—from the crackpot to the dangerous to the spurious to the imbalanced—what makes them valid or even worth listening to?

Because no one dares speak his mind any more.

All our reading material these days consists of rewritten press releases, gossip about disembodied mannequins to fit around the advertising.

To hold an opinion and dare to express it is the final prerogative of the free man. Announcing an incendiary truth may be the last remaining vestige of human dignity.

Conscience means consciousness and not a simple-minded pandering to the party line.

Truth stings because no one wants to know it. Ranters are scapegoats, banished to the realm of the unheard and the reviled, expiating stupidity, cupidity, routine and capitulation to the evil of banality.

Adam Parfrey

FOREWORD

Rant. The word announces its insistency. Try it and see. Refer to a *rant* in conversation. When you say it you can't help but raise your voice. A rant, even in writing, recalls the primordially physical dimension of expression. Like a shout, a rant is something not only said but *done*; a natural, not just a cultural fact. And especially in a culture in open flight from nature—(YOUR NAME HERE)—the rant is an immodesty, a source of unease. And so the ranter is typically ignored, as if his fly were open. *And so it is.*

We neither can nor will explain or justify our mainly inchoate editorial criteria. We range over a long stretch of time—note the passage from religious rants with political overtones to political rants with religious overtones—not-so-wide a stretch of space (Euro-America and a few of its more vociferous victims). The book is heterogeneous, not comprehensive. Mere extremism is not vicious enough to board our Ark, not even in the pursuit of liberty. And, to break the bad news to the SubGenii and other paint-by-number surrealists, an excess of exclamation points and capital letters doth not a rant make. Sorry, Charlie . . .

Jeremiads and japes, left right and sideways, the profane and the ridiculous, it's all here. Everyone will find at least a few of our ranters absurd or offensive. So do we. Read 'em anyway. It's good for you. Read on and see for yourself, on occasion we even rant against our own ranters. For our take on the ranters is internal. For every one of them we have at least a modicum of respect. They're not, for us, specimens pinned to the board. They care about something. They care so much they don't even care if *nobody* else cares. What is a ranter? Someone who badly wants an audience—but doesn't need one. That rules out the mere kooks, on the one hand, and the mere hustlers on the other. (Note the word "mere." Some ranters are *also* kooks or hustlers. But, one anthology at a time.)

It is well, in reading a ranter, to maintain some distance, for perspective. But it is also meet and fitting to try, albeit provisionally, to enter into his point of view—for perspective. Stereoscope him out. He doesn't hide his light under a bushel, he trains it on the shadows, he *illuminates*. Which is not to say he invariably reveals. Beware the blinding light. Yet there are

none so blind as those who *will not* see. See for yourself.

Bob Black

from **THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT OF WOMEN**

John Knox

The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women blasts the women rulers Catherine de Medici and Mary Tudor primarily for their hostility to the Reformation; it even prophesies the death of Bloody Mary, which actually occurred just a few months following the publication of *Blast*. This bit of apparent good luck backfired on Knox (the founder of Presbyterianism), since Mary Tudor's successor, Elizabeth, took its generalized ravings against the second sex as a personal insult. John Calvin, seeking an alliance with Elizabeth, feigned ignorance of the *Blast*, but the wan excuse failed to win Lizzy over. She returned Calvin's *Commentaries on Isaiah* unread. [A. P.]

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Cursed Jesabel of England, with the pestilent and detestable generation of Papistes, make no little bragge and boast, that they have triumphed not only against Wyet, but also against all such as have enterprised any thing against them or their procedinges. But let her and them consider, that yet they have not prevailed against God: his throne is more high than that the length of their hornes be able to reache. And let them further consider, that in the beginning of this their bloodie reigne, the harvest of their iniquitie was not comen to full maturitie and ripenes: No! it was grene, so secret I mean, so covered, and so hid with hypocrisie, that some men (even the servantes of God) thought it not impossible but that wolves might be changed into lambes, and also that the vipere might remove her natural venom. But God, who doth revele in his time apointed the secretes of hartes, and that will have his judgements justified even by the verie wicked, hath now given open testimonie of her and their beastlie crueltie . . . so that now, not onlie the blood of Father Latimer, of the milde man of God the Bishop of Cantorurie (Cranmer), of learned and discrete Ridley, of innocent Lady Jane Dudley, and many godly and wor-thie preachers that cannot be forgotten, such as fier hath consumed, and the sword of tyranie most unjustlie hath shed, doth call for

vengeance in the eares of the Lord God of hostes; but also the sobbes and teares of the poore oppressed, the groninges of the Angeles, the watchmen of the Lord, yea, and everie earthlie creature abused by their tyrannie, do continuallie crie and call for the hastie execution of the same I feare not to say, that the day of vengeance, whiche shall apprehend that horrible monstre Jesabel of England, and such as maintain her monstrous crueltie, is alredie appointed in the counsel of the Eternall: and I verilie believe, that it is so nigh, that she shall not reigne so long in tyrannie as hitherto she hath done, when God shall declare him selfe to be her enemy, when he shall poure forth contempt upon her according to her crueltie, and shall kindle the hartes of such as sometimes did favor her with deadly hatred against her, that they may execute his judgements. And therefore let such as assist her, take hede what they do; for assuredlie her empire and reigne is a wall without foundation: I meane the same of the Authoritie of all Women. It hath been underpropped this blind time that is past, with the foolishness of people, and with the wicked lawes of ignorant and tyrannous Princes. But the fier of Goddes Worde is alredie laid to those rotten proppes, (I include the Pope's lawe with the rest,) and presentlie they burn, albeit we espie not the flame. When they are consumed, (as shortlie they will be, for stubble and drie timbre can no long indure the fier,) that rotten wall, the usurped and unjust empire of women, shall fall by itself in despit of all man, to the destruction of so manie as shall labor to uphold it. And therefore let all man be advertised, for THE TRUMPET HATH ONES BLOWEN.

THE PLEASURE-LOVING MODERN WOMAN

William Prynne

Prynne was shorn of both his ears and imprisoned for insulting the Queen with his famous invective against theatre, *Histrio-Mastix*, published in 1633. This industrious Puritan remained undeterred in his onslaught against the "Pompes of the Divell," and wrote over 200 books and pamphlets, all extremely polemical and lacking the gift of tact which might have saved him some misery. *The Pleasure-Loving Modern Woman* is a warning against the undoing of a woman's soul with the entrapments of the exhibitionist arts.

Jonas Barish, in his excellent monograph, *The Antitheatrical Prejudice* (University of California Press, 1981), elaborates on some of the thought-processes which drove Prynne to his extremist style of exhortation: "Prynne is terrified, maddened, by the fear of total breakdown. In the uncontrolled outpouring of his style he conjures up a nightmarish vision of a world itself out of control, a horrendous dystopia ruled by the Prince of Darkness, who has made of the theater his chosen weapon for the overthrow of man and the final establishment of his own empire." [A. P.]

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Pitty it is to see how many ingenious Youthes and Girles; how many young (that I say not old) Gentlemen and Gentlewomen of birth and quality (as if they were borne for no other purpose but to consume their youth, their lives in lascivious dalliances, Playes and pastimes, or in pampering, in adorning those idolized living carcasses of theirs, which will turn to earth, to dung, to rottennesse and wormes-meat ere be long, and to condemne their poore neglected soules) casting by all honest studies, callings, imployments, all care of Heaven, of salvation, of their own immortall soules, of that God who made them, that Saviour who redeemed them, that Spirit who should sanctifie them, and that Common-weale that fosters them; doe in this idle age of ours, like those Epicures of old most prodigally, most sinfully riot away the very creame and flower of their yeares and their dayes in Playhouses, in Dancing-Schooles, Tavernes, Ale-houses, Dice-

houses, Tobacco-shops, Bowling-allies, and such infamous places, upon those life-devouring, time-exhausting Playes and pastimes (that I say not sinnes beside), as is a shame for Pagans, much more for Christians to approve . . . You therefore deare Christian brethren, who are, who have beene peccant in this kinde, for Gods sake, for Christs sake, for the holy Ghosts sake, for Religions sake (which now extremely suffers by this folly), for the Church and Commonweales sake, for your own soules sake, which you so much neglect, repent of what is past recalling, and for the future time resolve through Gods assistance, never to cast away your time, your money, your estates, your good names, your lives, your salvation, upon these unprofitable spectacles of vanity, lewdnesse, lasciviousnesse, or these delights of sinne, of which you must necessarily repent and be ashamed, or else be condemned for them at the last . . . And because we have now many wanton females of all sorts resorting daily by troopes unto our Playes, our Play-houses, to see and to be seene, as they did in Ovids age; I shall only desire them (if not their Parents and Husbands) to consider, that it hath evermore been the notorious badge of prostituted strumpets and the lewdest Harlots, to ramble abroad to Playes, to Play-houses; whither no honest chaste or sober Girles or Women, but only branded Whores and infamous Adulteresses did usually resort in ancient times: the Theater being then made a common Brothell: and that all ages, all places have constantly suspected the chastity, yea branded the honesty of those females who have been so immodest as to resort to Theaters, to Stage-playes, which either finde or make them Harlots; inhibiting all married wives and virgins to resort to Playes and Theaters, as I have here amply proved . . . Whereas the dissolutenesse of our lascivious, impudent, rattle-pated gadding females now is such as if they had purposely studied to appropriate to themselves King Solomons memorable character of an “whorish woman, with an impudent face, a subtile heart and the attire of an Harlot; they are lowde and stubborne; their feet abide not in their houses; now they are without, now in the streets, and lie in wait at every corner”; being never well pleased nor contented, but when they are wandering abroad to Playes, to Play-houses, Dancing-matches, Masques, and publike Shewes; from

which nature it selfe (if we believe S. Chrysostome) hath sequestered all women.

Let me now beseech all female Play-haunters, as they regard this Apostolicall precept, which enjoynes them, to be sober, chast, keepers at home, adorning themselves in modest apparell, with shamefastnesse and sobriety (which now are out of fashion), not with broidered cut or borrowed plaited haire, or gold, or pearles, or costly array (the onely fashions of our age) but (which becommeth women professing godlinesse) with good workes: As they tender their owne honesty, fame or reputation both with God and men; the honour of their sex; the prayse of that Christian Religion, which they professe, the glory of their God, their Saviour, and their soules salvation, to abandon Playes and Play-houses, as most pernicious Pestes; where all females wrecke their credits; most, their chastity; some, their fortunes; not a few, their soules: and to say unto them as the Philosopher did unto his wealth which he cast into the Sea, “*Abite in profundum malae cupiditates; ego vos mergam ne ipse mergar a vobis.*”

from A FIERY FLYING ROLL **Abiezer Coppe**

"The Parliament voted that a Book written by one Coppe, intituled a fiery flying Roll, &c. contained many horrid blasphemies, and damnable Opinions, and that the Book and all Copies of it that can be found, shall be burnt by the hands of the Hangman." (English Parliament ruling of 1651.)

The colorful millennarian Abiezer Coppe (well-profiled in Norman Cohn's survey of seventeenth-century apocalyptic heretics, *The Pursuit of the Millennium*) founded a group now commonly referred to as the Ranters. Their belief in God as centered in the individual and not in the System (echoed by A. Crowley's phrase "Every man and every woman is a star") led to the Act in Parliament against "Atheistical, Blasphemous and Execrable Opinions." Coppe's breathless verse is curiously reminiscent of Beat free verse and even speaks of similar concerns.

The reproduction below is taken from a fine new edition of Coppe's writings by England's Aporia Press that faithfully follows the layout and typography of the original broadsheet. [A. P.]

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A Fiery Flying Roll:

A

Word from the Lord to all the Great Ones
of the Earth, whom this may concerne: Being the
last WARNING PIECE at the dreadfull day of
JUDGEMENT.

For now the LORD is come

to {
 1 *Informe*
 2 *Advise and warne*
 3 *Charge*
 4 *Judge and sentence* } the Great Ones.

As also most
compassionately informing, and most lovingly and pathetically
advising and warning *London*.

With a terrible Word, and fatall Blow from the LORD,
upon the Gathered CHURCHES.

And all by his Most Excellent MAJESTY, dwelling
in, and shining through

AUXILIUM PATRIS, אֱלֹהֵינוּ alias, *Coppe*.

With another FLYING ROLL ensuing (to all the Inhabitants of the
Earth.) The Contents of both following.

*Isa. 23.9, The Lord of Hosts (is) staining the pride of all glory, and bringing into
contempt all the honourable (persons and things) of the Earth.*

*O London, London, how would I gather thee, as a hen gathereth her chickens under
her wings, &c.*

*Know thou (in this day) the things that belong to thy Peace — I know the
blasphemy of them which say they are Jewes, and are not, but are the
Synagogue of Satan, Rev. 2.9.*

Imprinted at *London*, in the beginning of that notable day, wherein
the secrets of all hearts are laid open; and wherein the worst and
foulest of villanies, are discovered, under the best and fairest
outsides. 1649.

THE PREFACE

An inlet into the Land of Promise, the new
Hierusalem, and a gate into the ensuing Discourse,
worthy of serious consideration.

MY Deare One.
All or None.
Every one under the Sunne.
Mine own.

My most Excellent Majesty (in me) hath strangely and variously transformed this forme.

And behold, by mine owne Almightynesse (In me) I have been changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the Trump.

And now the Lord is descended from Heaven, with a shout, with the voyce of the Arch-angell, and with the Trump of God.

And the sea, the earth, yea all things are now giving up their dead. And all things that ever were, are, or shall be visible — are the Grave wherein the King of Glory (the eternall, invisible Almightynesse, hath lain as it were) dead and buried.

But behold, behold, he is now risen with a witnesse, to save *Zion* with vengeance, or to confound and plague all things into himself; who by his mighty Angell is proclaiming (with a loud voyce) That Sin and Transgression is finished and ended; and everlasting righteousnesse brought in; and the everlasting Gospell preaching; Which everlasting Gospell is brought in with most terrible earth-quakes, and heaven-quakes, and with signes and wonders following.
Amen.

And it hath pleased my most Excellent Majesty, (who is universall love, and whose service is perfect freedome) to set this forme (the Writer of this Roll) as no small signe and wonder in fleshly *Israel*; as you may partly see in the ensuing Discourse.

And now (my deare ones!) every one under the Sun, I will onely point at the gate; thorow which I was led into that new City, new *Hierusalem*, and to the Spirits of just men, made perfect, and to God the Judge of all.

First, all my strength, my forces were utterly routed, my

house I dwelt in fired; my father and mother forsook me, the wife of my bosome loathed me, mine old name was rotted, perished; and I was utterly plagued, consumed, damned, rammed, and sunke into nothing, into the bowels of the still Eternity (my mothers wombe) out of which I came naked, and whetherto I returned again naked. And lying a while there, rapt up in silence, at length (the body or outward forme being awake all this while) I heard with my outward eare (to my apprehension) a most terrible thunder-clap, and after that a second. And upon the second thunder-clap, which was exceeding terrible, I saw a great body of light, like the light of the Sun, and red as fire, in the forme of a drum (as it were) whereupon with exceeding trembling and amazement on the flesh, and with joy unspeakable in the spirit, I clapt my hands, and cryed out, *Amen, Halelujah, Halelujah, Amen*. And so lay trembling, sweating, and smoaking (for the space of half an houre) at length with a loud voyce (I inwardly) cryed out, Lord, what wilt thou do with me; my most excellent majesty and eternal glory (in me) answered & sayd, Fear not, I will take thee up into mine everlasting Kingdom. But thou shalt (first) drink a bitter cup, a bitter cup, a bitter cup; whereupon (being filled with exceeding amazement) I was throwne into the belly of hell (and take what you can of it in these expressions, though the matter is beyond expression) I was among all the Devils in hell, even in their most hideous hew.

And under all this terrour, and amazement, there was a little spark of transcendent, transplendent, unspeakable glory, which survived, and sustained it self, triumphing, exulting, and exalting it self above all the Fiends. And, confounding the very blacknesse of darknesse (you must take it in these tearmes, for it is infinitely beyond expression.) Upon this the life was taken out of the body (for a season) and it was thus resembled, as if a man with a great brush dipt in whiting, should with one stroke wipe out, or sweep off a picture upon a wall, &c. after a while, breath and life was returned into the form againe; whereupon I saw various streames of light (in the night) which appeared to the outward eye; and immediately I saw three hearts (or three appearances) in the form of hearts, of exceeding brightnesse; and immediately an innumerable company of hearts, filling each corner of the room where I was. And methoughts there was variety and distinction, as if there had been severall hearts, and yet most strangely and unexpressibly complicated or folded up in unity. I clearly saw distinction, diversity, variety, and as clearly saw all

swallowed up into unity. And it hath been my song many times since, within and without, unity, universality, universality, unity, Eternall Majesty, &c. And at this vision, a most strong, glorious voyce uttered these words, *The spirits of just men made perfect.* the spirits &c, with whom I had as absolut, cleare, full communion, and in a two fold more familiar way, then ever I had outwardly with my dearest friends, and nearest relations. The visions and revelations of God, and the strong hand of eternall invisible almightinesse, was stretched out upon me, within me, for the space of foure dayes and nights, without intermission.

The time would faile if I would tell you all, but it is not the good will and pleasure of my most excellent Majesty in me, to declare any more (as yet) then thus much further: That amongst those various voyces that were then uttered within, these were some, *Blood, blood, Where, where? upon the hypocriticall holy heart, &c.* Another thus, *Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Plagues, plagues, upon the Inhabitants of the earth; Fire, fire, fire, Sword, sword, &c. upon all that bow not down to eternall Majesty, universall love; I'll recover, recover, my wooll, my flax, my money. Declare, declare, feare thou not the faces of any; I am (in thee) a munition of Rocks, &c.*

Go up to London,* to London, that great City, write, write, write. And behold I writ, and lo a hand was sent to me, and a roll of a book was therein, which this fleshly hand would have put wings to, before the time. Whereupon it was snatcht out of my hand, & the Roll thrust into my mouth; and I eat it up, and filled my bowels with it, (*Eze. 2.8. &c. cha. 3.1,2,3.*) where it was as bitter as worm-wood; and it lay broiling, and burning in my stomack, till I brought it forth in this forme.

And now I send it flying to thee, with my heart,
And all,

Per AUXILIUM PATRIS כִּי

*It not being shewen to me, what I should do, more then preach and print something, &c. very little expecting I should be so strangely acted, as to (my exceeding joy and delight) I have been, though to the utter cracking of my credit, and to the rotting of my old name which is damned, and cast out (as a toad to the dung-hill) that I might have a new name, with me, upon me, within me, which is, I am —

PIRATE RANT

Captain Bellamy

Daniel Defoe, writing under the pen name Captain Charles Johnson, wrote what became the first standard historical text on pirates, *A General History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pyrates*. According to Patrick Pringle's *Jolly Roger*, pirate recruitment was most effective among the unemployed, escaped bondsmen and transported criminals. The high seas made for an instantaneous levelling of class inequalities. Defoe relates that a pirate named Captain Bellamy made this speech to the captain of a merchant vessel he had taken as a prize. The captain of the merchant vessel had just declined an invitation to join the pirates. [A. P.]

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I am sorry they won't let you have your sloop again, for I scorn to do any one a mischief, when it is not for my advantage; damn the sloop, we must sink her, and she might be of use to you. Though you are a sneaking puppy, and so are all those who will submit to be governed by laws which rich men have made for their own security; for the cowardly whelps have not the courage otherwise to defend what they get by their knavery; but damn ye altogether: damn them for a pack of crafty rascals, and you, who serve them, for a parcel of hen-hearted numbskulls. They vilify us, the scoundrels do, when there is only this difference, they rob the poor under the cover of law, forsooth, and we plunder the rich under the protection of our own courage. Had you not better make them one of us, then sneak after these villains for employment?

[When the captain replied that his conscience would not let him break the laws of God and man, the pirate Bellamy continued:] You are a devilish conscience rascal, I am a free prince, and I have as much authority to make war on the whole world, as he who has a hundred sail of ships at sea, and an army of 100,000 men in the field; and this my conscience tells me: but there is no arguing with such snivelling puppies, who allow superiors to kick them about deck at pleasure.

A FAIR DREAM AND A RUDE AWAKENING

Jean Paul Marat

"The cutting off of five or six hundred heads would have guaranteed you liberty and happiness," Marat intoned in 1790, speaking in his I-told-you-so voice. His other note, the jeremiad (you'll-be-sorry), is sounded in the following selection. A self-appointed tribune of the people, his fervid journalism made Marat a sort of Rupert Murdoch of the left, but he was no plebeian himself. A Swiss-born, longtime court physician to a noble family, the author of fringe-science tomes (he assailed Newton's theory of color, as did Goethe afterwards), Marat was initiated into Freemasonry in England in 1774. Although he was at times the official head of the Jacobin Club, he was almost as different from the young lawyers who dominated the faction as he was unlike the *sans-culottes* whose interests he confusedly championed. Indeed when he came down with the celebrated skin disease for which Charlotte Corday's dagger proved to be the cure he was hiding out in damp cellars, not from the monarchy's minions but from police in the service of his fellow revolutionaries. Had he not been assassinated he would surely have been guillotined. Marat was loud and clear in his proclamation of state terror as strategy of revolutionary transformation. The notion has outlived not only Marat but its countless victims. [B. B.]

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An Appeal to the People!

Here at last we have the dark plan devised behind the scenes by the infernal Riquetti (i.e. Mirabeau, who was descended from the Florentine family of the Riquetti). Here is the frightful decree which will soon unleash against us the dreadful scourges of war, the sole resort still left to our counter-revolutionary officials and agents to put us in chains. Where were you, Barnave, Lameth, d'Aiguillon, Robespierre, Menou, when they were so bold as to make this proposal? No doubt you were sleeping, since the proposal was adopted without encountering opposition from you. Or, did the infernal serpent perhaps succeed in leading you astray with its cunning speech? Beloved country, is it possible that you

have defending you only a few honest hearts, who are unprotected against the treachery of scoundrels hired by the despot? They have held out their hands in peace to you and sworn fidelity to you; they have tied the hands of your defenders, who have been deceived by a pretended fraternity, and they have succeeded in chaining you yourselves on the very altar of Liberty. You now sleep at her breast. A few days more, and a rude awakening will follow this disastrous calm; you will recognize with terror that this glorious triumph in which you have been lulled to sleep was only a false dream.

How frightful is the scene that presents itself to me! When you are made the victims of your gullible natures, you will readily turn your eyes from domestic affairs to external affairs; you will sacrifice your most essential interest in response to idiotic news items and the lies of newspaper writers. To accelerate your destruction, the wretches who govern you will seek to raise enemies everywhere against you and will attempt to involve you in ruinous wars. Incapable of maintaining yourselves against these hostile forces, you will find your fleets annihilated and destroyed; billions will be spent in a few years. The estates of the clergy, which should be used for the purpose of liberating and aiding the people, will soon have served no other purpose than again to enchain you and to fasten upon our necks once more the yokes of serfdom and misery. Far from the eyes of their fellow citizens, the soldiers will soon no longer be thinking of their rights and will finally forget their country. Surrounded by the tumult of battle, they will respond only to the voice of their leaders; thousands of devices will be resorted to in order to reduce the soldiers to serfdom; finally, after having been brought back home, they will be ready, on the slightest provocation, to assail their own fellow citizens.

Oh precious country, you are already on the point of being misunderstood by your children; you are about to be rended and again enchained by them. What more is there for me to say? A single suggestion by despotism will be sufficient to transform our soldiers into hangmen. While these hangmen vie with each other in covering their murderous hands with your blood, they will slay

your wives and children and tear apart your quivering entrails—these are the fruits of your self-denials, your fasting, your labors, your dangers, your wounds, your victories, or rather, they are the bitter fruits of your blind confidence, your foolish sense of security.

Fellow citizens, in order to escape this terrible fate, we have but a single means: attach yourselves closely to your comrade-in-arms of the troops of the line; let them swear by their honor that they will not march against the enemy but will set up liberty within your own walls. Let the guilty heads of your ministers fall under the swinging axe. And, above all, assemble yourselves without delay in order to invade the Senate and demand with loud shouts the recall of the ruinous decree which the so-called fathers of our country have no doubt presented for confirmation with all speed But will the People's Friend preach to you forever in vain? Draw the moral from your misfortune, oh powerless and blinded nation! And if there is nothing that will remind you of your sense of duty, then continue to spend your days in oppression and misery, and end them in shame and slavery.

from PHILOSOPHY IN THE BEDROOM

Marquis de Sade

The Divine Marquis spent thirty years of his life in prison. It didn't matter which regime took power, Sade was too dangerous a man for the tragicomical succession of authorities to let loose on the world. Sade once remarked that had the rulers any insight, they would not have locked him up to plot and make philosophical missiles as wild as any ever written, they should have set him free and given him a harem upon which he would waste his time. It is most likely the case that Sade's prescriptions for unending forms of sexual perversion and murder are his vengeance on the world, a method of leading men into the world of fire in which they would lose themselves in their insatiable passions and go mad in recognition of the illusory nature of happiness. Sade died in 1814; it took 150 years for the world to publish his works uncensored. [A. P.]

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O you who have axes ready on hand, deal the final blow to the tree of superstition; be not content to prune its branches: uproot entirely a plant whose effects are so contagious. Well understand that your system of liberty and equality too rudely affronts the ministers of Christ's altars for there ever to be one of them who will either adopt it in good faith or give over seeking to topple it, if he is able to recover any dominion over consciences. What priest, comparing the condition to which he has been reduced with the one he formerly enjoyed, will not do his utmost to win back both the confidence and the authority he has lost? And how many feeble and pusillanimous creatures will not speedily become again the thralls of this cunning shavepate! Why is it imagined that the nuisances which existed before cannot be revived to plague us anew? In the Christian church's infancy, were priests less ambitious than they are today? You observe how far they advanced; to what do you suppose they owed their success if not to the means religion furnished them? Well, if you do not absolutely prohibit this religion, those who preach it, having yet the

same means, will soon achieve the same ends.

Then annihilate forever what may one day destroy your work. Consider that the fruit of your labors being reserved for your grandchildren only, duty and probity command that you bequeath them none of those seeds of disaster which could mean for your descendants a renewal of the chaos whence we have with so much trouble just emerged. At the present moment our prejudices are weakening; the people have already abjured the Catholic absurdities; they have already suppressed the temples, sent the relics flying, and agreed that marriage is a mere civil undertaking; the smashed confessionals serve as public meeting places; the former faithful, deserting the apostolic banquet, leave the gods of flour dough to the mice. Frenchmen, an end to your waverings: all of Europe, one hand halfway raised to the blindfold over her eyes, expects that effort by which you must snatch it from her head. Make haste: *holy Rome* strains every nerve to repress your vigor; hurry, lest you give Rome time to secure her grip upon the few proselytes remaining to her. Unsparingly and recklessly smite off her proud and trembling head; and before two months the tree of liberty, overshadowing the wreckage of Peter's Chair, will soar victoriously above all the contemptible Christian vestiges and idols raised with such effrontery over the ashes of Cato and Brutus.

Frenchmen, I repeat it to you: Europe awaits her deliverance from *scepter* and *censer* alike. Know well that you cannot possibly liberate her from royal tyranny without at the same time breaking for her the fetters of religious superstition: the shackles of the one are too intimately linked to those of the other; let one of the two survive, and you cannot avoid falling subject to the other you have left intact. It is no longer before the knees of either an imaginary being or a vile impostor a republican must prostrate himself; his only gods must now be *courage* and *liberty*. Rome disappeared immediately Christianity was preached there, and France is doomed if she continues to revere it.

Let the absurd dogmas, the appalling mysteries, the impossible morality of this disgusting religion be examined with attention, and it will be seen whether it befits a republic. Do you honestly believe

I would allow myself to be dominated by the opinion of a man I had just seen kneeling before the idiot priest of Jesus? No, certainly not! That eternally base fellow will eternally adhere, by dint of the baseness of his attitudes, to the atrocities of the ancien régime; as of the moment he were able to submit to the stupidities of a religion as abject as the one we are mad enough to acknowledge, he is no longer competent to dictate laws or transmit learning to me; I no longer see him as other than a slave to prejudice and superstition.

To convince ourselves, we have but to cast our eyes upon the handful of individuals who remain attached to our fathers' insensate worship: we will see whether they are not all irreconcilable enemies of the present system, we will see whether it is not amongst their numbers that all of that justly condemned caste of royalists and aristocrats is included. Let the slave of a crowned brigand grovel, if he pleases, at the feet of a plaster image; such an object is ready-made for the soul of mud. He who can serve kings must adore gods; but we, Frenchmen, but we, my fellow countrymen, we, rather than once more crawl beneath such contemptible traces, we would die a thousand times over rather than abase ourselves anew! Since we believe a cult necessary, let us imitate the Romans: actions, passions, heroes—those were the objects of their respect. Idols of this sort elevated the soul, electrified it, and more: they communicated to the spirit the virtues of the respected being. Minerva's devotee coveted wisdom. Courage found its abode in his heart who worshipped Mars. Not a single one of that great people's gods was deprived of energy; all of them infused into the spirit of him who venerated the fire with which they were themselves ablaze; and each Roman hoped someday to be himself worshipped, each aspired to become as great at least as the deity he took for a model. But what, on the contrary, do we find in Christianity's futile gods? What, I want to know, what does this idiot's religion offer you? Does the grubby Nazarene fraud inspire any great thoughts in you? His foul, nay repellent mother, the shameless Mary—does she excite any virtues? And do you discover in the saints who garnish the Christian Elysium, any example of greatness, of either heroism or virtue? So alien to lofty concep-

tions is this miserable belief, that no artist can employ its attributes in the monuments he raises: even in Rome itself, most of the embellishments of the papal palaces have their origins in paganism, and as long as this world shall continue, paganism alone will arouse the verve of great men.

KING STEAM

Anon. Luddite

The famous Luddite machine-breakings of 1811 to 1818 were the result of an early form of trade unionism, a kind of generalized protest against higher food prices and lowered wages which occurred after the British famine of 1801. Rumor had it that Napoleon instigated the outbreak of wartime industrial sabotage by having his agents pay off various hooligans some eighteen shillings a week to become Luddites.

The poem "King Steam," printed below, furthers the popular conception of Luddism as a revolt against industrialism. The Luddites were not, however, radical environmentalists (Earth First! prints its titles under the name Ned Ludd Books). They saw the iron arm of the machine as the extension of the monarchy: "There's a magic in that single arm/ that crushes millions down." A popular pamphlet of 1812, *The Beggar's Complaint* by "One Who Pities the Oppressed," defended the Luddites against bad press of the time: "When the Luddites began first to break Machinery, the News Printers, and especially those of London, abused them in the most unqualified language, calling them *infatuated men; deluded men; wicked men; and ill-designing men*. But I did not observe that any of these infatuated Printers had the candour to call the Poor Luddites *empty-bellied men—ragged men—or worn-out, emaciated, half-starved, dying men!*" [A. P.]

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He has an arm, an iron arm
 And though he has but one—
 There's a magic in that single arm
 That crushes millions down.
 Destroy King Steam, the Moloch wild,
 You toiling thousands all!
 Bind him his hand, or else our land
 Will over night down fall.

from HURRAH! OU LA REVOLUTION PAR LES COSAQUES Couerderoy

This excerpt from “Hurrah! ou la Revolution par les Cosaques” by the Satanic Anarchist, Couerderoy, melds Abiezer Coppe with Sergei Necheyev without, for all we know, any acquaintance with either. Nowadays Satan excites nobody but pimply pubescent white boys and Senatorial wives, even as anarchism, as I’ve said before, is “a failed sect which threw down its only weapon when it started saying that ‘anarchy is not chaos.’” Couerderoy however craves anarchy, not anarchism, which draws power from the unexpected, the unique, the marvelous—in a word from chaos. Or could it be . . . *Satan*? [B. B.]

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Disorder is salvation, it is order. What do you fear from the uprising of all the peoples, from the unleashing of all the instincts, from the clash of all the doctrines? . . . Anarchist revolutionaries, we can take hope only in the human deluge, we can take hope only in chaos, we have no recourse but a general war.

Forward! Forward! War is Redemption! God desires it, the God of the criminals, of the oppressed, of the rebels, of the poor, of all those who are tormented, the Satanic God whose body is of brimstone, whose wings are of fire and whose sandals are of bronze! The God of courage and of insurrection who unleashes the furies in our hearts—our God! No more isolated conspiracies, no more chattering parties, no more secret societies! All that is nothing and can achieve nothing!

Stand up, Man, Stand up, People, Stand up, all who are not satisfied! Stand up for right, well-being and life! Stand up, and in a few days you will be millions. Forward in great human ocnas, in great masses of brass and iron, to the vast music of ideas! Money will no longer avail against a world that rises up!

Forward from pole to pole, forward, all peoples from the rising
to the setting of the sun! Let the globe tremble under your feet!
Forward! War is life! The war against evil is a good war!

A SENTIMENTAL BANKRUPTCY

Charles Fourier

Fourier came of a modestly affluent bourgeois family but lost everything during the French Revolution. A man with the psychology of a novelist and a shaman was reduced to the life of a travelling salesman. His passions, thwarted in everyday life, burst forth in his fantastic tomes, as did Sade's (Roland Barthes has drawn attention to the parallels). Officially classed as a "utopian socialist" by Marxist orthodoxy, in fact Marx and Engels wrote of Fourier with respect. In espousing "attractive labor," a subspecies of the "passional attraction" which for him bound together the ideal society, Fourier in effect was the first to demand the abolition of work as such. An omnivorous autodidact, preposterously precise in his plans for paradise, Fourier has been fobbed off for his foibles, but it is not hard to see why ideologues might rather ridicule his belief that the planets are animate, copulating ambisexuals than respond to his startlingly modern critique of "civilization" (for Fourier, a term of abuse) for repressing social instincts which could create a new way of life. No excerpt does justice to Fourier the sociologist; ours only suggests (we hope) his charming earnestness and his *mania* (his own—by no means abusive—term) for enumeration and classification. [B. B.]

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Each of the generic features of commerce, such as speculation, bankruptcy, etc., includes a vast array of species and varieties which should have been analyzed and classified . . . In discussing the hierarchy of bankruptcy I have made a list comprising 3 orders, 9 generic types and 36 species of bankruptcy. This list could easily be tripled or quadrupled. For bankruptcy has become such an art that every day someone invents a new species, especially in the realm of governmental bankruptcies where France has just made an innovation: the *doubledupe* or *amphidupe*, which has provided the nation with a new means of despoiling itself.

Our century obliges people to adopt a facetious tone in criticizing vice: *castigat ridendo*. We are supposed to avoid the grim tone of the moralists of the last century. This would have been easy for me since in my hierarchy of bankruptcy I have described each of

the 9 types and 36 species in amusing terms. Take for example the fifth type, the tactical bankruptcy. This includes 5 species: 17) the bankruptcy by squadrons; 18) the firing line bankruptcy; 19) the close column bankruptcy; 20) the wide formation bankruptcy; 21) the sharp-shooter's bankruptcy. These five species comprise one of the types in the center of the series. They correspond exactly to military maneuvers. Thus I have called this type the "tactical" and the one that precedes it the "maneuvering" bankruptcy.

It would be very easy, then, to satisfy the oratorical insistence on amusing criticism—*castigat ridendo*—while providing a frank and truthful analysis of the vice. I could, according to the method of the journalists, present a list of the species of bankruptcy to make the reader desire a chapter on each one of them. Everyone would be interested to see how I define such species as these.

Sentimental, infantile, well-to-do, cosmopolitan;
 Gallant, sanctimonious, unprincipled, amicable;
 Stylish, preferential, wide-netted, miniature;
 Break-neck, stealthy, Attila-like, invalid's;
 Swindler's, jail-bird's, ninny's, visionary;
 Posthumous, familial, re-decked, push-pin.

An analysis of all these species of bankruptcy would produce many amusing chapters, particularly since I am a child of the profession, born and raised in the mercantile shops. I have seen the infamies of commerce with my own eyes, and I will not describe them from hearsay as do our moralists who know nothing more about commerce than what they hear in the salons of the speculators and who know only the respectable side of bankruptcy proceedings. According to them any bankruptcy (especially that of a broker or banker) becomes a sentimental incident in which the creditors themselves are beholden to the bankrupt party for having palmed off his noble speculations on them. The notary brings them the news as if it were an accident of fate, an unforeseen catastrophe caused by the misfortune of the times, critical circumstances, a deplorable turn of events, etc. This is the way one usually begins a letter announcing a bankruptcy.

According to the notary and his accomplices, *who secretly*

derive ample remuneration from the loss, these bankrupt individuals are so honorable, so worthy of esteem!!! A tender mother who is sacrificing herself for her children; a virtuous father who is teaching them to love their constitution; a tearful family which is worthy of a better fate and inspired by the most sincere love for every one of its creditors! Truly it would be a crime not to aid this family to recover; it is the duty of every honest man to help them.

At this point a few moral shysters appear on the scene, their palms well greased, to talk of lofty sentiments and the pity which misfortune must inspire. They are helped out by pretty female petitioners who are very useful in calming down the more recalcitrant creditors. Shaken by all these intrigues, three-quarters of the creditors arrive at the judgment session unsettled and disoriented. In advising the creditors to take a loss of 70%, the notary depicts the 30% rebate as the effort of a virtuous family which is impoverishing itself and making every sacrifice to satisfy the sacred duties imposed by a sense of honor. The creditors are told that in all conscience they ought to accept a loss of 80% in order to pay homage to the noble qualities of a family so worthy of esteem and so zealous in defense of the interests of its creditors.

A few barbarians may wish to object to such terms. But the accomplices who are spread about the room whisper that these recalcitrant individuals are IMMORAL people: that one of them does not go to church regularly; that another keeps a mistress; that another is known to be a Harpagon, a usurer; that still another has already gone bankrupt himself and is a hard-hearted man with no indulgence for his fellows. Finally most of the creditors give up and sign the contract, whereupon the notary declares that it is "a highly advantageous settlement for the creditors" in that it has saved them the expense of legal fees and provided them with the opportunity to do a good turn to a virtuous family. Everyone (or at least all of the fools who comprise the majority) leaves filled with admiration for the virtue and lofty sentiments of which this worthy family is the model.

Thus concludes a *sentimental* bankruptcy in which the creditors are looted for at least two-thirds of their money. For a bankruptcy

would only be *honest* and not sentimental if the settlement was fixed at 50%. Indeed, 50% is so normal a rate that the bankrupt party has no need of utilizing artistic refinements if he is willing to settle at this modest rate. Unless he is an imbecile he is sure to make at least a 50% profit on his bankruptcy.

If someone had published a work describing a hundred species of bankruptcy, with more details than I have given here on the *sentimental* bankruptcy, this book would have made known one of the pretty traits of commerce, one of its true features. Other works dealing with other features, such as speculation and hoarding, would have opened people's eyes and raised doubts about the commercial mechanism known as *free competition*, which is the most anarchic and perverse mode of exchange that can exist.

from ***THE EGO AND ITS OWN*** **Max Stirner**

"Max Stirner" (Johann Kaspar Schmidt) is the author of *The Ego and its Own*, which James Huneker plausibly tagged "the most revolutionary book ever written." Marx and Engels, Stirner's Young Hegelian drinking buddies, evidently agreed. Stirner noticed that the secular humanism of Ludwig Feuerbach only replaced God with another abstraction, another "spook," Man—abstract Man—without putting an end to the relationship of obeisance and sacrifice which obtained between each and every concrete living I and the superordinate Other. Marx and Engels, as fledgling Marxists, reacted against Stirner as if he'd rotted the foundations of their own collectivist, Other-directed project—as he had. They devoted more hundreds of turgid pages vilifying "St. Max" (their idea of a witty nickname) than to denouncing any of other numberless other enemies, Hess, Proudhon, Bakunin, *et al.* It's too bad they were too afraid of Stirner to grapple seriously with his ideas. As I've said elsewhere (in my preface to *For Ourselves, The Right to be Greedy*, a "communist egoist" tract reprinted by Loompanics), the Western revolutionary current is the feeblest for the failure of these tendencies to engage each other. Maybe Feuerbach had the last word after all: "Without egoism, you have *no head*; without communism, you have *no heart*." [B. B.]

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This must be insisted on all around against the present-day efforts for liberty:

Liberty of the *people* is not *my* liberty!

In general, all States, constitutions, churches, have sunk by the *secession* of individuals; for the individual is the irreconcilable enemy of every *generality*, every *tie*, every fetter. Yet people fancy to this day that man needs "sacred ties": he, the deadly enemy of every "tie." The history of the world shows that no tie has yet remained unrent, shows that man tirelessly defends himself against ties of every sort; and yet, blinded, people think up new ties again and again, and think that they have arrived at the right one if one puts upon them the tie of a so-called constitution, a beautiful, constitutional tie; decoration ribbons, the ties of confidence between

“— — —,” do seem gradually to have become somewhat infirm, but people have made no further progress than from apron-strings to garters and collars.

Everything sacred is a tie, a fetter.

Everything sacred is and must be perverted by perverters of the law; therefore our present time has multitudes of such perverters in all spheres. They are preparing the way for the break-up of law, for lawlessness.

Poor Athenians who are accused of pettifoggery and sophistry! poor Alcibiades, of intrigue! Why, that was just your best point, your first step in freedom. Your Aeschylus, Herodotus, etc., only wanted to have a free Greek *people*; you were the first to surmise something of *your* freedom.

A people represses those who tower above *its* majesty, by ostracism against too-powerful citizens, by the Inquisition against the heretics of the Church, by the—Inquisition against traitors in the State.

For the people is concerned only with its self-assertion; it demands “patriotic self-sacrifice” from everybody. To it, accordingly, every one *in himself* is indifferent, a nothing, and it cannot do, not even suffer, what the individual and he alone must do—to wit, *turn him to account*. Every people, every State, is unjust toward the *egoist*.

As long as there still exists even one institution which the individual may not dissolve, the ownness and self-appurtenance of Me is still very remote. How can I be free when I must bind myself by oath to a constitution, a charter, a law, “vow body and soul” to my people? How can I be my own when my faculties may develop only so far as they “do not disturb the harmony of society” (Weitling)?

The fall of peoples and mankind will invite *me* to my rise.

Listen, even as I am writing this, the bells begin to sound, that they may jingle in for tomorrow the festival of the thousand years’ existence of our dear Germany. Sound, sound its knell! You do sound solemn enough, as if your tongue was moved by the presentiment that it is giving convoy to a corpse. The German people and

German peoples have behind them a history of a thousand years: what a long life! O, go to rest, never to rise again—that all may become free whom you so long have held in fetters.—The *people* is dead.—Up with *me*!

O thou much-tormented German people—what was thy torment? It was the torment of a thought that cannot create itself a body, the torment of a walking spirit that dissolves into nothing at every cock-crow and yet pines for deliverance and fulfillment. In me too thou has lived long, thou dear—thought, thou dear—spook. Already I almost fancied I had found the word of thy deliverance, discovered flesh and bones for the wandering spirit; then I heard them sound, the bells that usher thee into eternal rest; then the last hope fades out, then the notes of the last love die away, then I depart from the desolate house of those who now are dead and enter at the door of the—living one:

For only he who is alive is in the right. Farewell, thou dream of so many millions; farewell, thou who has tyrannized over thy children for a thousand years!

Tomorrow they carry thee to the grave; soon thy sisters, the peoples, will follow thee. But, when they have all followed, then—mankind is buried, and I am my own, I am the laughing heir!

from **MURDER** Karl Heinzen

"Karl Heinzen's *Der Mord* is considered the most important ideological statement of early terrorism; published in early 1849, it was reprinted and quoted innumerable times among advocates of 'direct action.' It first appeared in 1849 in a journal edited by German political refugees in Biel, Switzerland. The original title, *Die Revolution*, was unacceptable to the authorities, but after the editor decided to drop the 'R,' the paper was passed. Heinzen's extremist ideas were opposed and sometimes ridiculed by many of his radical contemporaries, including Marx and Engels, who singled him out for attack because, for all his radicalism, he was not a socialist." [Walter Lacquer, *The Terrorism Reader*]

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We must call a spade a spade. The truth must out, whether it seems amiable or terrible, whether it is dressed in the white of peace or the red of war. Let us then be frank and honest, let us tear away the veil and spell out in plain speech what the lesson is which is now being illustrated every day before our eyes in the form of actions and threats, blood and torture, canons and gallows by both princes and freedom fighters, Croats and democrats; to wit, that murder is the principal agent of historical progress.

The egoists begin the murdering, and the men of ideas reply in kind. Twist and turn as they may, neither party can escape either murdering or being murdered, and the "ultima ratio" of both is quite simply the obliteration of their enemies.

A wide variety of names have been coined for the art of obliterating one's enemy. In one country they have him put to death "legally" by an executioner and call it the death penalty; in another, they lie in wait with stiletto blades behind hedges and call it assassination; in another they organize obliteration on a grand scale and call it war. Examined in the clear light of day, these various appellations appear for what they are, entirely superfluous, being all expressions of what is fundamentally one and the same

thing, and whether I am executed or assassinated or torn to pieces, the end effect is the same. I am dispatched to the other world and this dispatching to the other world was the purpose of my enemy. No clear-thinking, rational person can accept the hair-splitting distinctions by which certain methods of obliterating the enemy are justified and others condoned; such distinctions rest on theological and legal fictions and do not in any way alter the facts of the matter, which are that in each case it is purely and simply a question of obliterating one's enemy.

We maintain, in conformity with the fundamental principles of humanity and justice, that any voluntary killing of another human being is a crime against humanity, that no one under any pretext whatsoever has the right to destroy another's life and that anyone who does kill another or has him killed is quite simply a murderer. But against our enemies, with their executioners and soldiers, their laws of "high treason" and their inquisitions, their cannons and needle-guns, their shrapnel and Congreves, we are able to achieve precious little with our humanity and our ideas of justice, and merely to claim in some places that an inquisitor or a general is as much a murderer as any bandit or partisan would only serve to convince ourselves that we may quite "legitimately" be done away with.

Let us, then, be practical, let us call ourselves murderers as our enemies do, let us take the moral horror out of this great historical tool and just examine closely whether perchance our enemies may claim a special privilege in the matter of murder. If to kill is always a crime, then it is forbidden equally to all; if it is not a crime, then it is permitted equally to all. Once one has overcome the objection that murder per se is a crime, all that remains is to believe one is in the right against one's enemy and to possess the power to obliterate him. Simple logic as much as the facts of history compels this conclusion. We do not desire *any* killing, *any* murder, but if our enemies are not of the same mind, if they can justify murder, even going so far as to claim a special privilege in the matter, then necessity compels us to challenge this privilege; and it is no great step from this necessity to becoming Robespierre and to the adop-

tion of Robespierre's role, condemning hundreds of thousands to the scaffold in the interests of humanity.

We take as our fundamental principle, taught us by our enemies, that murder, both of individual and masses, is still a necessity, an unavoidable instrument in the achievement of historical ends. Let us now consider various attitudes to the question, in order to illustrate when the use of this bloody instrument is justified and when not.

As schoolchildren, we were excited and thrilled by the story of those two youthful heroes Harmodios and Aristogeiton, who murdered the tyrant Hipparchos. Those who told us the story, who presented this murder to us as a glorious deed, were "the king's" teachers, men who oozed morality, loyalty, and the fear of God from every pore. We never heard them say that Harmodios and Aristogeiton were "heinous murderers," "anarchists," "agitators," etc., nor that the victim Hipparchos was a "legitimate ruler," a "sacred person," etc., nor that, instead of opting to murder him they should have attempted to remove him "by constitutional means." Now what conclusion are we to draw from this?

Pupils in every school in the land are made to recite a poem composed by the highly moral Schiller, who at the very beginning has an "assassin" "creep up on a tyrant" with a "dagger concealed in his cloak," and then subsequently makes the tyrant a friend of the murderer's. What are we to conclude from this?

Mucius Scaevola slipped into Porsenna's camp with the intention of murdering an enemy dangerous to his fatherland. By mistake he killed Porsenna's scribe. Later he told Porsenna that 300 other Romans besides himself had sworn to kill him. In all the history books and schools, Mucius Scaevola is praised to the skies as a hero, and it would never occur to anyone to be scandalized by the fact that there were 300 other Romans ready to take his place. What are we to conclude from this?

One of the chief enemies of the great Caesar, and one of his assassins, was Junius Brutus, the favorite Caesar loved so tenderly and who may even have been his own dear son. No one has yet been roused to indignation by the fact that this republican suppres-

sed all human feeling and gratitude in order to become a murderer, perhaps even a parricide; on the contrary, royalists, moralists, republicans, and “anarchists” all still consider him to be one of the greatest men in history and “the last Roman.” What are we to conclude from this?

In heathen antiquity, the murder of a tyrant was right, honorable, and one’s duty, and no “king’s” teacher or professor in our Christian era would ever dream of trying to correct them on this score. What are we to conclude from this?

Let us take a few examples from more recent history.

Sand murdered the traitor Kotzebue with a dagger instead of killing him with a stroke of the pen.

The reactionaries denounced him, while the liberals expressed regret that he had risked his life in killing a man whose position and person did not warrant such action. What are we to conclude from this?

A young man from Germany by the name of Statz tried to murder Napoleon but was caught and disarmed. This young man Statz was lauded for his attempt and his name would doubtless have become one of the most celebrated among the moral Germans if he had succeeded in carrying out this deed, if he had plunged a dagger into the body of the most powerful man in history. What are we to conclude from this?

In Frankfurt am Main two deputies, Lichnowski and Auerswald, were murdered. The entire reactionary and constitutional party boiled over with indignation and the central authorities mobilized half the continent to try and catch the murderers. In Vienna, another deputy, Robert Blum, was murdered by Windischgrätz’s executioners and in his honor the central authorities made a few preliminary inquiries from which nothing followed. If R. Blum had been a German prince rather than a German deputy, the “National Parliament” would have instructed the central authorities to declare war on Austria. What are we to conclude from this?

In Frankfurt, it was Prince Lichnowski and Count Auerswald who were murdered. In Vienna, it was simply Robert Blum, man of the people, who was murdered. On the occasion of this first mur-

der, the reactionary party raised an unending hue and cry against the "anarchists"; when, however, a collection was taken for Mr. Auerswald's descendents, the token of sympathy raised by this rich party proved to be a very paltry sum. The second murder caused such sorrow within the dead man's party that memorial services were held in hundreds of churches and his family very rapidly became rich. What are we to conclude from this?

Here are a few conclusions which follow irrefutably from these facts:

1. It seems that what is decisive in the way history judges a murder is the motive. History does not appear to condemn murder itself.

2. It seems that moral reactions to a murder are closely linked to the self-interest of those reacting, for that which is esteemed a virtue among the ancients would be considered a crime in our age of police rule. None of the teachers who so enthusiastically translate accounts of murderous deeds from the Greek tongue into the German would dare recommend a "translation" of the deeds themselves.

3. The courageous bearing of the murderer seems to be of equal weight in the scales of judgment as the success of the attempt.

4. It seems that murder is only justified when it selects a victim whose elimination also signifies the removal of a representative or upholder of a pernicious principle.

5. It seems that it is not just the "petty thieves" but also the petty murderers who are "hanged," while the "big" ones get off scot-free.

6. It seems that only the party of freedom has martyrs, the reactionary party having nothing but tools.

We are driven to similar conclusions when we consider mass murder, organized murder, or war, as it is called. In the past it is the most just who are in the right, in the present it is the most strong. In the past, motive is the determining factor, in the present, self-interest. In the past, justice is the judge, in the present, the party. In the past, it is the idea which is decisive, in the present, it is expediency. Organized murder, war, is accepted as a necessity per se;

it is a tool, like a knife, and the only question of any relevance is whether it is used to this or that end and, further, whether it succeeds or fails in achieving it.

Thus we see that in practice, once killing has been accepted, the moral stance is seen to have no foundation, the legal is seen to be ineffectual, and the political is alone of any significance. Is the end achieved? This is the only question which you cultivators and organizers of murder permit us to ask ourselves, by forcing us to adopt your theory of murder.

It is possible that murder is not only an historical but also a physical necessity. It is possible that the atmosphere or the earth's crust requires a certain quantity of human blood to satisfy its chemical or other interests. However, even should such a requirement on nature's part exist, no one is ever going to manage to persuade us that the blood of aristocrats is less suitable than the blood of democrats. There is as yet no law of physics stating that it is only those who champion the rights of man who must give their quota to satisfy history's or nature's need for blood. We shall therefore have to ask ourselves whether the time has not yet come—or is not coming—and whether we will not very soon be sufficiently strong to make some claim on our enemies. It would appear that it is in the nature of the democratic party all at once to make huge demands in settlement of the debts which the other party has gradually accumulated with it. The French Revolution of the last century was an example of just such a settlement of an outstanding murder account, and, if we are to believe the signs, there will presently be a repeat of the French Revolution on a European scale. The reactionary party has never had any reservations about murdering others and has fewer than ever at the present time. "Have I the means to carry out the murder and will it achieve its purpose?" This is the only question the reaction has ever asked itself.

What answer do we get when we ask ourselves this question? Being the conscientious Germans we are, we first inquire of our teachers whether we would have been committing more of a crime than Harmodios, Mucius or Brutus were we to have done away

with a Metternich, a Nicholas, a Windischgrätz or a Ferdinand of Naples—in other words, were we to have dispatched to the other world several individuals who have been responsible for torturing and murdering millions. If our teachers speak the language of the Greeks and Romans, they will have to answer: ask your own capacity for self-sacrifice and your courage. If, however, they speak German, they will call for the police. How are we to escape from this dilemma?

Our enemies will come to our aid. With homicidal violence, our enemies are at present urging upon us the lesson that murder is the chief instrument of historical progress and that the most valuable art to be versed in our time is that of destroying human life. Ferdinand bombards Naples, Radetsky murders the Lombards, Windischgrätz mounts an attack on Vienna, Jellachich allows his Croats to roll about in the entrails of their victims, “Olim der Grosse” keeps all his murderers at their posts, and in the background stands the Czar with hundreds of thousands of bloodthirsty comrades. None of these men thinks twice about destroying whole towns, ruining whole countries, having the most honorable men shot, the most innocent murdered, women abused, children impaled, in short about reviving all the bestiality and barbarity of former times, in order to save a few crowns and keep the rights of man at bay. And we?

Invention tends to go hand in hand with developments in other spheres. Our enemies, with their means of mass destruction, will stimulate inventions which vie with the present armies as agents of destruction. The greatest benefactor of mankind will be he who makes it possible for a few men to wipe out thousands. So when we hear that trainloads of murderer’s accomplices have been hurled from the track by a thimbleful of fulminating silver placed under the rails; or that bombs, filled to the brim and complete with detonator, have been placed beneath paving stones in order to tear apart whole companies of invading barbarians as soon as they arrive; or that, perhaps, containers filled with poison, which burst in the air, can rain down ruin on entire regiments; or that underground rooms full of fulminating silver can blow whole towns into the air,

complete with their 100,000 murderous slaves, then in such methods we shall perceive only to what desperate measures the party of freedom has been driven by the mass party of the barbarians. To have a conscience with regard to the murdering of reactionaries is to be totally unprincipled. They wreak destruction, in any way they can, thereby obliging us to respond in kind as defenders of justice and humanity. Kossuth was a man of great energy, but Kossuth did not show sufficient interest in inventions and Kossuth overlooked the possibilities of fulminating silver.

Even if we have to blow up half a continent or spill a sea of blood, in order to finish off the barbarian party, we should have no scruples about doing it. The man who would not joyfully give up his own life for the satisfaction of putting a million barbarians into their coffins carries no Republican heart within his breast.

from NO TREASON Lysander Spooner

Lysander Spooner was an abolitionist lawyer from Massachusetts. After successfully if, obviously, temporarily overthrowing the federal government's postal monopoly, Spooner went on to write a bestseller, *The Unconstitutionality of Slavery*. For anyone with a glancing acquaintance with the U.S. Constitution as it then read, his thesis is absurd—without using the ugly word “slave” the document authorized interstate rendition of fugitive slaves and defined slaves as three-fifths human for purposes of Congressional apportionment, to mention only two awkward facts. Other radical abolitionists like Wendell Phillips accordingly took the opposite tack; the Constitution was a “covenant with death.” For Spooner, though, law and morals (natural law) could not conceivably conflict; since they should not, they did not.

For a lawyer to rant, in the sense of speechify, as, say, Clarence Darrow did in closing argument to a jury, is uninteresting; and so, to a later reader, is the result. Spooner went onto accomplish something unique. Having established to his satisfaction that slavery was unconstitutional, in 1870 he published *No Treason* which demonstrated, in effect, that the Constitution was unconstitutional. Thus he passed from abolitionism to anarchism, without ever sensing the exquisite incongruity between his legalistic exposition and his antinomian objectives. [B. B.]

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The Constitution has no inherent authority or obligation. It has no authority or obligation at all, unless as a contract between man and man. And it does not so much as even purport to be a contract between persons now existing. It purports, at most, to be only a contract between persons living eighty years ago. And it can be supposed to have been a contract then only between persons who had already come to years of discretion, so as to be competent to make reasonable and obligatory contracts. Furthermore, we know, historically, that only a small portion even of the people then existing were consulted on the subject, or asked, or permitted to express either their consent or dissent in any formal manner. Those persons, if any, who did give their consent formally,

are all dead now. Most of them have been dead forty, fifty, sixty or seventy years. *And the Constitution, so far as it was their contract, died with them.* They had no natural power or right to make it obligatory upon their children. It is not only plainly impossible, in the nature of things, that they *could* bind their posterity, but they did not even attempt to bind them. That is to say, the instrument does not purport to be an agreement between anybody but “the people” *then* existing; nor does it, either expressly or impliedly, assert any right, power, or disposition, on their part, to bind anybody but themselves. Let us see. Its language is:

We, the people of the United States (that is, the people *then* existing in the United States), in order to form a more perfect union, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessing of liberty to ourselves *and our prosperity*, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

It is plain, in the first place, that this language, *as an agreement*, purports to be only what it at most really was, viz., a contract between the people then existing: and, of necessity, binding, as a contract, only upon those then existing. In the second place, the language neither expresses nor implies that they had any intention or desire, nor that they imagined they had any right or power, to bind their “posterity” to live under it. It does not say that their “posterity” will, shall or must live under it. It only says, in effect, that their hopes and motives in adopting it were that it might prove useful to their posterity, as well as to themselves, by promoting their union, safety, tranquility, liberty, etc.

Legally speaking, therefore, there is, in the Constitution, nothing that professes or attempts to bind the “posterity” of those who established it. . . .

The Constitution itself, then, being of no authority, on what authority does our government practically rest? On what ground can those who pretend to administer it, claim the right to seize men’s property, to restrain them in their natural liberty of action, industry and trade, and to kill all those who deny their authority to dispose of men’s properties, liberties and lives at their pleasure or

discretion?

The most they can say, in answer to this question is; that some half, two-thirds, or three-quarters, of the male adults of the country have a *tacit understanding* that they will maintain a government under the Constitution; that they will select, by ballot, the persons to administer it; and that those persons shall act as their representatives, and administer the Constitution in their name, and by their authority.

But this tacit understanding (admitting it to exist) cannot at all justify the conclusion drawn from it. A tacit understanding between A, B, and C, that they will, by ballot, depute D as their agent, to deprive me of my property, liberty, or life, cannot at all authorize D to do so. He is nonetheless a robber, tyrant, and murderer, because he claims to act as their agent, than he would be if he avowedly acted on his own responsibility alone.

Neither am I bound to recognize him as their agent, nor can he legitimately claim to be their agent, when he brings no written *authority* from them accrediting him as such. I am under no obligation to take his word as to who his principals may be, or whether he has any. Bringing no credentials, I have a right to say he has no such authority even as he claims to have; and that he is therefore intending to rob, enslave or murder me on his own account.

This tacit understanding, therefore, among the voters of the country, amounts to nothing as an authority to their agents. Neither do the ballots by which they select their agents, avail any more than does their tacit understanding; for their ballots are given in secret, and therefore in a way to avoid any personal responsibility for the acts of their agents.

No body of men can be said to authorize a man to act as their agent, to the injury of a third person, unless they do it in so open and authentic a manner as to make themselves personally responsible for his acts. None of the voters in this country appoint their political agents in any open, authentic manner, or in any manner to make themselves responsible for their acts. Therefore these pretended agents cannot legitimately claim to be really agents. Somebody must be responsible for the acts of these pretended agents; and if

they cannot show any open and authentic credentials from their principals, they cannot, by law or reason, be said to have any principals. The maxim applies here, that what does not appear, does not exist. If they can show no principals, they have none.

But even these pretended agents do not themselves know who their pretended principals are. These latter act in secret; for acting by secret ballot is acting in secret as much as if they were to meet in secret conclave in the darkness of the night. And they are personally as much known to the agents they select, as they are to others. No pretended agent therefore can ever know by whose ballot he is selected, or consequently who his real principals are. Not knowing who his principals are, he has no right to say that he has any. He can, at most, say only that he is the agent of a secret band of robbers and murderers, who are bound by that faith which prevails among confederates in crime, to stand by him, if his acts, done in their name, shall be resisted.

Men honestly engaged in attempting to establish justice in the world, have no occasion thus to act in secret; or to appoint agents for which they (the principals) are not willing to be responsible.

The secret ballot makes a secret government; and a secret government is a secret band of robbers and murderers. Open despotism is better than this. The single despot stands out in the fact of all men, and says, I am the State: My will is law; I am your master: I take the responsibility of my acts: The only arbiter I acknowledge is the sword:“ If anyone denies my right, let him try conclusions with me.

But a secret government is little less than a government of assassins. Under it, a man knows not who his tyrants are, until they have struck, and perhaps not then. He may *guess*, beforehand, as to some of his immediate neighbors. But he really knows nothing. The man to whom he would most naturally fly for protection, may prove an enemy, when the time of trial comes.

This is the kind of government we have; and it is the only one we are likely to have, until men are ready to say: We will consent to no Constitution, except such a one as we are neither ashamed nor afraid to sign; and we will authorize no government to do any-

thing in our name which we are not willing to be personally responsible.

THE REVOLUTIONARY'S CATECHISM

Sergei Necheyev

Necheyev's *Catechism* develops succinctly with pitiless logic the principles a revolutionary must follow who is so single-mindedly devoted to the accomplishment of the revolution as to dismiss as a distraction all concern as to what the revolution is for. For him, a revolutionary is a secret agent for the plebeians, a James Bond self-licensed to kill, to lie, to entrap and to despoil—not only the rulers and the bourgeoisie, but anyone, comrades included, if it furthers the cause. Thus Necheyev faked an escape from a prison where he was never held to give him credentials to display to exiled revolutionaries in Western Europe, such as the aging anarchist Michael Bakunin who was charmed by this “tiger cub.” Thus he murdered one of his recruits who questioned his autocratic authority over the network of revolutionary cells he formed.

Clearly, only suicidal psychopaths can collaborate on a basis of mutual willingness to sacrifice each other for what they might tend not to agree is the advantage of the cause. The net result of Necheyev's various conspiratorial organizing was the arrest of many hundreds of Russian revolutionaries and his own commitment—for murder—to the prison he had supposedly escaped from. Starting with Marx, Necheyev has been used to discredit Bakunin, his sponsor, although it has now been established that Bakunin was not the author of the *Catechism*, and he later criticized its jesuitical authoritarianism after Necheyev became a liability. Still, some hair-raising verbiage is lifted straight from Bakunin, who was given to conspiracy and was much more authoritarian than his modern admirers like to admit. The old anarchist only remembered his libertarian principles when Necheyev—having siphoned off his funds—treated the authority of Bakunin contemptuously.

And Necheyev? Unlike most of his latter-day admirers (the Black Panthers and The Minutemen reprinted him, for instance), he wasn't jiving. He disrupted his trial, assaulted the warden who sought to recruit him as a stool-pigeon, and continued his revolutionary agitations throughout the ten years in prison which made up the rest of his life. [B. B.]

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The duties of the Revolutionary toward himself:

1. The revolutionary is a dedicated man. He has no personal inclinations, no business affairs, no emotions, no attachments, no property and no name. Everything in him is subordinated to a single exclusive attachment, a single thought and a single passion—the revolution.

2. In the very depths of his being, not only in words but also in deeds, he has torn himself away from the bonds which tie him to the social order and to the cultivated world, with all its laws, moralities and customs and its generally accepted conventions. He is their enemy, and if he continues to live with them it is only in order to destroy them more quickly.

3. The revolutionary despises all dogmas and refuses to accept the mundane science, leaving them for future generations. He knows only one science: the science of destruction. For this reason, and only for this reason, he will study mechanics, physics, chemistry, and perhaps medicine. But all day and night he studies the living science of peoples, their characteristics and circumstances, and all the phenomena of the present social order. The object is the same: the prompt destruction of this filthy order.

4. The revolutionary despises public opinion. He despises and hates the existing social order in all its manifestations. For him, morality is everything which contributes to the triumph of the revolution. Immoral and criminal is everything that stands in the way.

5. The revolutionary is a dedicated man, merciless toward the state and altogether merciless toward the educated classes; and he can expect no mercy from them. Between him and them there exists, declared or concealed, a continual and irreconcilable war “for life or for death.” He must accustom himself to enduring torture.

6. Tyrannical toward himself, he must be tyrannical towards others. All the soft and tender affections arising from kinship, friendship and love, all gratitude and even all honor must be obliterated, and in their place there must be the cold and single-minded passion for the work of the revolution. For him there exists only one pleasure, one consolation, one reward, one satisfaction—the success of the revolution. Night and day he must have but one

thought, one aim—merciless destruction. Aiming cold-bloodedly and indefatigably toward this end, he must be ready to destroy himself and destroy with his own hands everyone who stands in his way.

7. The nature of the true revolutionary excludes all romanticism, all sensitivity, all exaltations and enthusiasms. He must also exclude private vendettas and personal hatred. The revolutionary passion, practiced at every moment of the day until it becomes a habit, is to be employed with cold calculation. At all times and in all places the revolutionary must refuse to allow himself to be guided by his personal impulses, but only by the total submergence of himself in the revolution.

Relationship of the revolutionary toward the revolutionary comrades:

8. The revolutionary can have no friendly feeling for anyone unless, like him, the other is dedicated to revolutionary affairs. His degree of friendship, devotion and obligation towards a comrade must be determined only by the degree of the comrade's usefulness in the practical work of complete and destructive revolution.

9. It is superfluous to speak of solidarity among revolutionaries. The whole strength of the revolutionary work lies in this. Comrades who possess the same revolutionary passion should, as much as possible, deliberate all important matters together and come to unanimous conclusions. But the revolutionary, in accomplishing whatever plan is finally decided upon must rely altogether on himself. The contract of revolutionary destruction demands that no comrades come running up with advice and assistance if this detracts from the success of the plan.

Each comrade should have under him several revolutionaries of the second or third rank, i.e., comrades who are not entirely dedicated. These should be regarded as portions of a common fund of the revolutionary capital, to be expended as he thinks fit. He should expend them as economically as possible, always attempting to derive the utmost possible use from them. He should regard himself as capital consecrated to the triumph of the revolution; and he must not be regarded as expendable without the entire agree-

ment of the fully initiated comrades.

When a comrade is caught in a dangerous extremity and the question arises whether he should be rescued, the revolutionary must make his decision without recourse to personal feelings, but only in terms of the eventual success of the revolution. Therefore it is necessary to balance carefully the usefulness of the comrade in so far as it is a question of revolutionary strength, and the most careful consideration should be made to decide whether he is worth rescuing.

Relation of the revolutionary toward society:

12. Whether a new member, after giving proof of loyalty by word and deed, should be accepted, is a matter to be decided only by unanimous agreement.

13. The revolutionary enters the world of the state, of the classes and of so-called culture, and he lives in this world only because he has faith in its speedy and total destruction. He is not a revolutionary if he feels any sympathy for this world. He must not hesitate to destroy any position, any place, or any man in this world—all must be equally detested by him. All the worse for him if he has parents, friends and loved ones; he is no longer a revolutionary if they can stay his hand.

14. Aiming at implacable destruction the revolutionary can and sometimes must live within society while pretending to be other than what he is. A revolutionary must penetrate everywhere, among the lowest and the middle classes and in the houses of commerce, in the churches, in the palaces of the aristocracy. He must know the world of bureaucrats and of the military and of literature, and he must enter into the Third Division and even into the Winter Palace.

15. All the members of this filthy society can be split up into several categories; the first category comprises those to be condemned to death without delay. The comrades should compile a list of those to be condemned weighing the relative gravity of their crimes against their value to the revolution; and the executions should be carried out according to the prepared order.

16. In the preparation of these lists and in placing the condemned according to the prepared order, no private sense of outrage should be considered, nor is it necessary to pay attention to the hatred provoked by these people among the comrades or the people. But hatred and the sense of outrage must to some extent be made use of, because these things help to incite rebellion among the people. It is necessary to be guided only by the relative usefulness of these executions for the sake of the revolution. Above all, those who are especially inimical to the revolutionary organization must be destroyed; their violent and sudden deaths will produce the utmost panic in the government, it will shake the foundations of government and deprive it of the services of its most intelligent and energetic agents.

17. The second group consists of those to whom we concede life provisionally, in order that their bestial behavior shall drive the people to inevitable revolt.

18. The third category consists of a multitude of personages or animals distinguished neither for intelligence nor for energy; those who enjoy wealth, connections, influence, and power. These must be exploited in every possible way; they must be implicated and confused; as far as possible their dirty secrets should be found out, so that we can make them our slaves. Their power, influence and connections, their riches and energy will form an inexhaustible treasure and a precious help in our various undertakings.

19. The fourth category is composed of ambitious people and liberals of various shades. We shall pretend we are following their ideas and give them cause to think we are blindly conspiring with them, while in fact we take them under our own control. We shall root out all their secrets and compromise them to the uttermost, so that there will be no way out for them. Any that can, will be used to create disorder in the state.

20. The fifth category consists of doctrinaires, conspirators, revolutionaries; all idle word-spillers who orate before meetings or in front of a piece of paper. They must be constantly driven towards making violent declarations carefully arranged to agree with our purpose. The majority of these will leave nothing behind

but vast ruin; from a few of them we shall attain real revolutionary gains.

21. The sixth category is especially important: women. They should be divided into three chief divisions. First: those frivolous, thoughtless and vapid women, whom we shall use as the third and fourth category of men. Second: women who are ardent, gifted and devoted, but do not belong to us because they have not yet achieved a passionless and austere revolutionary understanding; these must be used like the men of the fifth category. Finally, there are the women who are completely on our side, i.e., those who are wholly dedicated and who have accepted our program in its entirety. We should regard these women as the most valuable of our treasures; without their help, it would be impossible to succeed.

The duties of our society toward the people:

22. The aims of our society are none other than the entire emancipation and happiness of the people, i.e. the common laborers. Convinced that their emancipation and achievement of this happiness is brought about only by means of an all-destroying popular revolt, we shall see that society will employ all its power and all its resources towards increasing and intensifying the calamities and evils until patience is exhausted and they will break out in a *levee en masse*.

23. By a popular revolution, the Society does not mean a revolution tailored according to the classic Western model; a pattern which is fundamentally restrained by the existence of property and the traditional social orders of so-called civilization has cast down one political form only to substitute another, thereby attempting to bring about a so-called revolutionary state. The only salutary form of revolution is one which destroys the entire state to the roots and exterminates all imperial traditions, the whole social order and all the existing classes.

24. With this end in view the society refuses to impose any new organizations from above. Any future organization will doubtless work its way through the movement and life of the people: but this is a matter for future generations to decide. Our task is terrible, total, universal, and merciless destruction.

25. Therefore, in drawing closer to the people, we must above all unite with those elements of popular life which from the very beginning of the imperial power of Muscovy, have never ceased to protest, not only in words but in deeds, against everything directly or indirectly connected with the State; against the nobility, against the bureaucracy, against the priests, against business, and against the might first of the extortioner. We must unite with the adventurous tribes of brigands, who are the only true revolutionaries of Russia.

26. To knit the people into a single force which is wholly destructive and wholly invincible—such is our organization, our conspiracy, and our task.

DYNAMITE!

T. Lizius

In *Alarm*, an official organ of the anarcho-socialist International Working People's Association, one T. Lizius wrote an unforgettable letter praising the terroristic virtues of dynamite. The IWPA was the original organization that drew upon itself the caricature of the skulking, bomb-throwing anarchist which was popularized in silent film comedies and the Sunday comics. The IWPA's fortunes declined when leading members were officially implicated in the famous Haymarket Affair. Little is known about the incendiary letter-writer, T. Lizius, other than that he was a vocal member of the IWPA, and lived in Indianapolis. [A. P.]

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Dynamite! Of all the good stuff, this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe (gas or water pipe), plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate neighborhood of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brows, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow. In giving dynamite to the downtrodden millions of the globe, science has done its best work. The dear stuff can be carried around in the pocket without danger, while it is a formidable weapon against any force of militia, police or detectives that may want to stifle the cry for justice that goes forth from the plundered slaves. It is something not very ornamental but exceedingly useful. It can be used against persons and things, it is better to use it against the former than against bricks and masonry. It is a genuine boon for the disinherited, while it brings terror and fear to the robbers. It brings terror only to the guilty, and consequently the Senator who introduced a bill in Congress to stop its manufacture and use, must be guilty of something. He fears the wrath of an outraged people that has been duped and swindled by him and his like. The same must be the case with the "servant" of the people who introduced a like measure in the Senate of the Indiana legislature. All the good this will do. Like everything else, the more you prohibit it, the more it

will be done. Dynamite is like Banquo's ghost, it keeps fooling around somewhere or other in spite of his satanic majesty. A pound of this good stuff beats a bushel of ballots all hollow, and don't you forget it. Our law makers might as well try to sit down on a crater of a volcano or a bayonet as to endeavor to stop the manufacture or use of dynamite. It takes more justice and right than is contained in laws to quiet the spirit of unrest. If workingmen would be truly free, they must learn to know why they are slaves. They must rise above petty prejudice and learn to think. From thought to action is not far, and when the worker has seen the chains, he need but look a little closer to find near at hand, the sledge, with which to shatter every link. The sledge is dynamite.

SPEECH OF THE CONDEMNED

Louis Lingg

Louis Lingg was the most flamboyant, the most intransigent of anarchism's Haymarket "martyrs," the one who went down swinging. The tale has often been told, most recently in Paul Avrich's *The Haymarket Tragedy*. At the close of a peaceful labor rally against police brutality in 1880, the police ordered the workers to disperse. Someone threw a bomb at them, and seven police died (some shot by each other in the ensuing massacre). The Chicago plutocracy ordered the round-up of "the usual suspects," the anarchist leaders of the local labor movement. One of them, Lingg, had the best alibi: he wasn't there . . . he was home, making bombs. He was thus convicted of a crime he would have *liked* to commit. Only 22, Lingg had left his native Germany less than a year before to dodge the draft. He was the only Haymarket defendant to resist arrest. Until he made his closing speech (excerpted below) he ignored the proceedings. Condemned to death as he fully expected, on the eve of his execution he committed suicide with a smuggled-in dynamite cap. [B. B.]

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Court of Justice! With the same irony with which you have regarded my efforts to win, in this "free land of America," a livelihood such as humankind is worthy to enjoy, do you now, after condemning me to death, concede me the liberty of making a final speech.

I accept your concession; but it is only for the purpose of exposing the injustice, the calumnies, and the outrages which have been heaped upon me.

I protest against the conviction, against the decision of the court. I do not recognize your law, jumbled together as it is by the nobodies of bygone centuries, and I do not recognize the decision of the court. My own counsel have conclusively proven from the decisions of equally high courts that a new trial must be granted us. The state's attorney quotes three times as many decisions from perhaps still higher courts to prove the opposite, and I am convinced that if, in another trial, these decisions should be supported by twenty-five volumes, they will adduce 100 in support of the con-

trary, if it is anarchists who are to be tried. And not even under such a law, a law that a schoolboy must despise, not even by such methods have they been able to “legally” convict us.

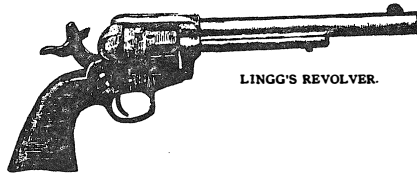
They have suborned perjury to boot.

I tell you frankly and openly, I am for force. I have already told Captain Schaack, “if they use cannons against us, we shall use dynamite against them.”

I repeat that I am the enemy of the “order” of today, and I repeat that, with all my powers, so long as breath remains in me, I shall combat it. I declare again, frankly and openly, that I am in favor of using force. I have told Captain Schaack, and I stand by it, “if you cannonade us we shall dynamite you.” You laugh! Perhaps you think “you’ll throw no more bombs” but let me assure you that I die happy on the gallows so confident am I that the hundreds and thousands to whom I have spoken will remember my words; and when you shall have hanged us, then, mark my words, they will do the bomb-throwing! In this hope do I say to you: “I despise you, I despise your order; your laws, your force-propped authority.”
HANG ME FOR IT!



LOUIS LINGG, THE BOMB-MAKER.



LINGG'S REVOLVER.

SPEECH TO MISSIONARIES

Red Jacket, Seneca leader

The worst aspect of European colonialism appears to have been the stultifying spread of the high christian hyperbole. Seneca tribe leader Red Jacket accepts the loss of his land with stoic regret, but he doesn't cotton well to the Nazarene brainwash. In an amusing paragraph in this elegaic and dignified diatribe he seems especially horrified by the possibility of being hit up for the collection plate. [A. P.]

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Friend and Brother!—It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and he has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly. Our ears are unstopped that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit, and him only.

Brother!—this council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy, for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice, and all speak to you as one man. Our minds are agreed.

Brother!—You say you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are a great distance from home, and we do not wish to detain you. But we will first look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have heard from the white people.

Brother!—Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer and other animals for food. He made the bear and the beaver, and their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for

bread. All this he had done for his red children because he loved them. If we had any disputes about hunting grounds, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great waters, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat. They gave us poison in return. The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land. They wanted our country. Our eyes were opened and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquors among us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

Brother!—Our seats were once large, and yours were very small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but you are not satisfied. You want to force your religion on us.

Brother!—Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why had not the Great Spirit given it to us; and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by white people?

Brother!—You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people

differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

Brother!—We do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us their children. We worship that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

Brother!—The Great Spirit has made us all. But he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us a different complexion and different customs. To you he has given the arts; to these he had not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he had given us a different religion, according to his understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied.

Brother!—We do not wish to destroy your religion or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

Brother!—You say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will now tell you that I have been at your meetings and saw you collecting money for the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for, but suppose it was for your minister; and if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you may want some from us.

Brother!—We are told that you have been preaching to white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good and makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again what you have said.

Brother!—You have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.

AN EXCHANGE

Judge Roy Bean & Judged Beaner

Back in the late nineteenth century, there were fewer illusions about what American justice was all about. Kangaroo courts convened to protect the interests of the big money, and often only the most bankrupt of outlaws would take on the onus of becoming a judge. (Some things just don't change.) In 1879, the all-powerful Southern Pacific railroad named ex-jailbird Roy Bean to Justice of the Peace in the small but strategic community of Langtry (named by Bean after Lily Langtry, the leading sex star of the time).

A local saloon served as Bean's courtroom, which was quite convenient, actually, since the accused was obliged to buy drinks for the judge and jury. Bean presided over his cases like a late Roman emperor. Bemused and besotted, Bean would acquit killers of Chinese and Mexicans since, he claimed, "There's no law makin' it illegal to shoot a damn chink or greaser." The following exchange is between Bean and an accused Mexican sheep thief. [A. P.]

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Judge Roy Bean: You have been tried by twelve good men and true who are as high above you as heaven is of hell. Time will pass and seasons will come and go. Spring will come with its wavin' green grass and heaps of sweet-smellin' flowers on every hill. Then sultry Summer with her shimmerin' heat-waves and Fall with her yellin' harvest moon and the hills a-growin' brown and golden under a sinkin' sun. And finally Winter with all the land mantled with snow. But you won't be here to see any of 'em; not by a damned sight because it's the order of this court that you be took to the nearest tree and hanged by the neck until you're dead, dead, dead, you olive-colored, chili-eatin', sheep-stealin' son of a bitch.

Mexican Sheep Thief: I admit I'm a thief, but so eager was this court to add another to its already long list of slaughtered victims that you remind me more of a lot of buzzards hovering over a carcass than men supposed to dispense justice. You half-starved

hyena, you've sat through this trial with devilish glee written all over your hellish face. You talk about Spring with its sweet smelling blossoms and Fall with its yellow moon, you damned offspring of a diseased whore. You say that I'm to be hanged and as I gaze into your bloated, whisky-soaked face, I'm not surprised at the pretended gravity and the evil sarcasm with which you send me to my death. You haven't even the grace to call down the mercy of God on my soul, you dirty-nosed, pot-bellied, dung-eating descendant of an outhouse maggot. I defy you to the end. You can hang me by the neck until I'm dead, dead, dead, and you can also kiss my ass until it's red, red, red, and God damn your foul old soul.

VOTERS STRIKE!

Octave Mirbeau

Octave Mirbeau (1848-1917) is known in the English-speaking world mostly for his scandalous novel *The Torture Garden*, sometimes classed with *A Rebours* and *The Picture of Dorian Gray* as a work of fin-de-siecle decadence. Mirbeau however was not an Aesthete but an Anarchist. The Sadean horrors of *The Torture Garden* are meant as satire on Europe's oppressive society, not as titillation for the jaded (or so Mirbeau claimed). During the waves of *attentats* and bombings in the 1890s, Mirbeau spoke out not in defense of the terrorists but in condemnation of the society which had earned such enemies. For this he was dubbed "the Ravachol of modern literature," after the Dutch bank robber/murderer/anarchist who was executed in 1892.

"La Grève des électeurs" (1888) was originally published in *Le Figaro* and then reprinted by Jean Grave in his Anarchist paper *La Révolte*. It then went through innumerable editions as a pamphlet, and was considered the last word on Anarchist "abstentionist" anti-politics. In 1893, Grave wrote to Mirbeau, "I have an order for 50,000 *Grève des Electeurs*—and I doubt that even this will suffice. In four years, we've distributed more than 100,000."

I've taken a few liberties with the translation in order to "transcreate" something of Mirbeau's wit, but I've left intact the names of the politicians and writers he mocked, even though most of them are now forgotten. After all, that was Mirbeau's point: all politicians are completely interchangeable, because they're all equally worthless, and thus totally forgettable. [Peter Lamborn Wilson]

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One thing astonishes me prodigiously—I almost said it "stupifies me"—namely, that in this scientific hour at which I write, after so many daily scandals and revelations, there can still exist in our dear France (as they say in the Treasury Department) one voter, one single *voter*—that irrational animal, inorganic, hallucinatory—who allows his life to be deranged, all his dreams and pleasures interrupted, merely to vote for someone or something. When one reflects for a moment on this surprising phenomenon, does it not topple the subtlest philosophies, and confound even Reason itself? Where is there a Balzac to give us the physiology of the modern voter? Where a Charcot to explain

for us the anatomy and mentality of this incurable lunatic? We await them.

Oh, I understand how a crook always finds suckers; I understand that censorship always finds its defenders, that musical comedy always finds its fans, the daily newspapers their subscribers; that M. Carnot will find painters to celebrate his triumphal and rigid entry into some languedocian city; I understand how M. Chantavoine persists in looking for rhymes; yes, I understand *all*. But—that a deputy or senator or president or whatever strange joker claiming whatever elective function, should be able to dig up one *voter*—that undreamed-of being, that improbable martyr who will nourish you with his bread, dress you in his coat, fatten you on his flesh, enrich you with his purse—all this, only in the hope of receiving in return for such prodigious generosity a clout on the noggin, a kick in the ass, or maybe a bullet in the belly; verily, this surpasses even the most pessimistic opinion I've held till now of human beastliness in general and French stupidity in particular . . . yes, our own “dear” and immortal silliness, oh chauvinists!

I speak of course of the *believing* voter, the convinced voter, the philosophical voter who imagines (poor devil) that his is the act of a free citizen demonstrating his sovereignty, expressing his opinions, imposing political programs (O admirable and disconcerting folly!) and righting social wrongs. I'm not talking about the voter who “knows the tune,” who mocks, who sees in his “mandate” nothing but right-wing cold cuts or liberal stew; the “sovereignty” of such a voter consists of guzzling at the springs of Universal Suffrage—and after all, why not? He's looking after himself and not hurting anyone else; he knows what he's doing. But . . . the others?

Ah yes, the others! The serious ones, the austere ones, the *sovereign people*, those who feel a great intoxication seize them as they look around and say to themselves, “I am a voter! Nothing can be done without me! I am the basis of modern society. By my will Floquet makes laws which bind 36 million human beings, and also Saudry d'Asson, and even Pierre Alype.” Where are these fools being manufactured?! How can they be so stubborn, so swol-

len-headed, so paradoxical as not to have become long ago discouraged and embarrassed by their actions? How can one hope to discover anywhere—from the backwoods of lost Brittany to the inaccessible caverns of Cévennes or the Pyrenees—a chap so stupid, so irrational, so blind to what he sees and deaf to what he hears, as to vote for Blue or White or Red without being forced, without being paid, without even a free drink?

What baroque sentiment, what mysterious mesmeric suggestion does he obey, this thinking biped endowed with free will (or so I'm told), that he should delude himself, puffed up with his "rights," into thinking he's done his "duty" by dropping some piece of paper inscribed with some name into some ballot-box? What can he possibly say to himself to justify or even explain this extravagant act? What does he hope for? Because finally, in order that he agree to surrender himself to these greedy bosses who will sponge off him and bludgeon him to a pulp, he must tell himself something and hope for something so extraordinary we can scarcely imagine it. Somehow, by some potent cerebral deviation, the idea of the DEPUTY has come to stand for the idea of Science, of Justice, of Devotion, of Labor and of Probity. In the very names themselves—of Barbe or Baïhaut no less than Rouvier and Wilson—he must have discovered some special magic and seen, as if through a mirage, flowering and blooming in a Vergoin or Hubbard some promise of future felicity and instant gratification. And that's what's *really* dreadful. It seems nothing teaches him a lesson, neither the most burlesque of comedies nor the most sinister of tragedies.

Look how during Earth's long centuries societies have risen and fallen, all alike in this one fact which rules all history: the great are protected, the small are crushed. And yet our voter still cannot grasp the sole real reason for his historic existence: to pay for heaps of things he'll never enjoy, and to die for some political cabal which is none of his business.

Why should it matter to him whether it's Peter or John who demands, "Your money or your life!" since he's obliged to lose both in the end? No! Really! He thinks one bunch of thieves and

torturers preferable to another—and casts his vote for the most rapacious and ferocious of the lot! He voted yesterday, he'll vote tomorrow; he *always* votes. Sheep run to the slaughterhouse! silent, hopeless! But sheep at least never vote for the butcher who kills them or the bourgeois who eats them. More beastly than any beast, more sheepish than any sheep, the voter names his own executioner and chooses his own devourer—and for this precious “right” he fought a Revolution!

O good voter, unspeakable imbecile, poor dupe, suppose for once that instead of reading the same old bilge with which the morning paper regales you for a penny (big paper, small paper, patriotic or papist, monarchist or socialist—all of them earn their money by skinning *you*)—suppose that instead of swallowing that chimerical flattery that caresses your vanity and props up your lamentable and tattered “sovereignty”; suppose that instead of gawking and rubbernecking at the weighty chicanery of *politics*—suppose that just once, you curled up by the fire with Schopenhauer and Max Nordau, two philosophers who have meditated deeply about you and your masters . . . why, who knows? perhaps you might learn something amazing and useful. And perhaps after you've read them you'll feel less obligated to put on again your air of gravity and your fine frock coat and run back to those murderous Polls where no matter whose name you choose you've picked the name of your worst enemy. They will tell you, those two connoisseurs of humanity (Schopenhauer and Nordau) that politics is an abominable lie, opposed to all common sense, justice and right, and that meddling in it will gain you no credit, you whose fate is already written in the Grand Account of Human Destiny!

After that, dream if you will of paradises of light and perfumes, of impossible brotherhood, of unreal happiness. It's good to dream; it eases our troubled minds. But keep human beings out of your dream, for wherever humans are found, there too are sadness, hatred and murder. Above all, remember that he who solicits your vote is by that very fact revealed as a scoundrel, since in exchange for your advantage and fortune he promises a cornucopia of mar-

vels he'll never deliver because he hasn't the power to deliver them. The man you elect represents neither your misery nor your aspirations—nor anything of yours—but rather his own passions and interests, which are all opposed to yours. Do not imagine (in order to comfort yourself and revive your hopes, so quickly dashed) that the sorry spectacle at which you assist today is peculiar to one epoch or one regime, and that it will pass away. All epochs and all regimes are worth the same—that is, they're worthless. So go home, my good chap, and go on strike against universal suffrage. I tell you, you've nothing to lose . . . and at least it should keep you amused for a while. From behind the threshold of your door, shut firmly against all beggars of political alms, you'll watch the rout march past and smoke your pipe in silence.

And if there should exist in some unknown corner some honest man capable of governing you *and* loving you—don't regret his loss. We would be too jealous of his dignity to hurl him into the mud-wrestling of politics, too proud to accept from you a mandate you accord only to the boldest cynic, to insults and lies.

I tell you, good chap! go home! Go on strike!

from *MIGHT IS RIGHT* Ragnar Redbeard

The only certain fact about "Ragnar Redbeard" is that someone using that name brought forth upon this continent in 1896 a book called *Might is Right* "whose survival has nothing to do with popular acclaim or academic attention" (S. E. Parker). Redbeard *might* have been a New Zealander, Arthur Desmond, who championed assorted radical causes—aboriginal rights, trade unions, the Single Tax—before emigrating to Australia and then to the United States. If so, his values got transvaluated, or rather knocked for a loop.

Redbeard is the ultimate Social Darwinist, or his parody. Himself a scribbling intellectual—what did he ever do but write this book?—Redbeard must have dreamed he was a freebooter, a warrior chieftain mighty of thew, swearing great oaths betwixt quaffing from his mead-horn. *Might is Right* is *Thus Spake Zarathustra* had it been penned by Walter Mitty. Clearly Redbeard made an effort, far from successful, to rid himself of moralism at gut level, by summoning it to a song-duel, and not just to refute it in the abstract. And yet he remained possessed by the tawdriest prejudices of his time. Worse than gratuitous, his misogyny and racism belie his espousal of winner-take-all, equal opportunity predation.

To some extent Redbeard has got to be putting us on. He is obviously too well-versed in the economic and social thought of his time to believe that the systematic exploitation of the unheard-of opulence of industrial society is just holding up the stagecoach on a larger scale. No matter. Redbeard's vulgar but eloquent bombast, for all its affectation, is a purgative, cleansing the mental system with its roughage although it hasn't much nutritive value. He's an even keener ironist than he knew. By extolling at book length the masterful men of action he proves beyond doubt he's not one of them. Real condottiere don't write books. If Ragnar Redbeard was an Overman, Idi Amin Dada is a performance artist. [B. B.]

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In this arid wilderness of steel and stone I raise up my voice that you may hear.

To the East and to the West I beckon. To the North and to the South I show a sign—

Proclaiming "Death to the weakling, wealth to the strong."

Open your eyes that you may hear, O! men of mildewed minds
and listen to me ye laborious millions!

For I stand forth to challenge the wisdom of the world; to interrogate the "laws" of man and of "God."

I request reasons for your Golden Rule and ask the why and wherefore of your Ten Commands.

Before none of your printed idols do I bend in acquiescence and he who saith "thou shalt" to me is my mortal foe.

I demand proof over all things, and accept (with reservations) even that which is true.

I dip my forefinger in the watery blood of your impotent mad-redeemer (your Divine Democrat—your Hebrew Madman) and write over his thorn-torn brow "The true prince of Evil—the king of the Slaves!"

No hoary falsehood shall be a truth to me—no cult or dogma shall encramp my pen.

I break away from all conventions. Alone, untrammelled. I raise up in stern invasion of the standard of Strong.

I gaze into the glassy eye of your fearsome Jehovah, and pluck him by the beard—I uplift a broad-axe and split open his worm-eaten skull.

I blast out the ghastly contents of philosophic whited sepulchres and laugh with sardonic wrath.

Then reaching up the festering and varnished facades of your haughtiest moral dogmas, I write thereon in letters of blazing scorn—"Lo and behold, all this is a fraud!" I deny all things! I question all things!

And yet! And yet!

—Gather around me O! ye death-defiant and the earth itself shall be thine, to have and to hold.

What is your "civilization and progress" if its only outcome is hysteria and downgoing?

What is "government and law" if their ripened harvests are men without sap?

What are “religions and literatures” if their grandest productions are hordes of faithful slaves?

What is “evolution and culture” if their noxious blossoms are sterilized women?

What is education and enlightenment if their dead-sea-fruit is a caitiff race, with rottenness in its bones?

ALL ELSE IS ERROR

The natural world is a world of war; the natural man is a warrior; the natural law is tooth and claw. All else is error. A condition of combat everywhere exists. We are born into perpetual conflict. It is our inheritance even as it was our heritage of previous generations. This “condition of combat” may be disguised with the holy phrases of St. Francis, or the soft deceitful doctrines of a Kropotkin or Tolstoi, but it cannot be eventually evaded by any human being or any tribe of human beings. It is *there* and it stays *there*, and each man (whether he will or not) has to reckon with it. It rules all things; it governs all things; it reigns over all things and it *decides* all who imagine policemanized populations, internally regulated tranquility and State organized industrialism so joyfully blessed and divine.

THE VICTOR GETS THE GOLD

Virtue is rewarded in *this* world remember. Natural law makes no false judgments. Its decisions are true and just even when dreadful. The victor gets the gold and the land every time. He also gets the fairest maidens, the glory tributes. And—why should it be otherwise? Why should the delights of life go to failures and cowards? Why should the spoils of battle belong to the unwarlike? That would be insanity, utterly unnatural and immoral.

from *DEGENERATION* Max Nordau

Nordau was second in command to Herzl at the time of the first Zionist Congress. He was under the impression that Palestine would become a troublesome location for the Jewish homeland, and so recommended Uganda instead. The idea didn't catch fire. What did catch fire was Nordau's 1908 blast against the *fin de siècle* state-of-mind titled *Degeneration*. That book is a fascinating glimpse of a Talmudic sensibility in revolt with the Nietzschean and Wagnerian spirit then gathering momentum in bohemian and intellectual circles. The book is divided into four manifestations of the dreaded degenerative syndrome: *fin-de-siècle*, mysticism (symbolism-Tolstoyism-Richard Wagner), egomania (Parnassians-aesthetes-decadents-Ibsenism-Nietzsche-Huysmans) and realism (Zola and his school). He reasoned that the intellectual degenerates would eugenically weed themselves out due to their reproductive incapacity. I wonder what killjoy Max would make of Foghat or *Three's Company*. [A. P.]

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One epoch of history is unmistakably in its decline, and another is announcing its approach. There is a sound of rending in every tradition, and it is as though the morrow would not link itself with today. Things as they are totter and plunge, and they are suffered to reel and fall, because man is weary, and there is no faith that is worth an effort to uphold them. Views that have hitherto governed minds are dead or driven hence like disenthroned kings, and for their inheritance they that hold the titles and they that would usurp are locked in struggle. Meanwhile interregnum in all its terrors prevails; there is confusion among the powers that be; the million, robbed of its leaders, knows not where to turn; the strong work their will; false prophets arise, and dominion is divided amongst those whose rod is the heavier because their time is short. Men look with longing for whatever new things are at hand, without presage whence they will come or what they will be. They have hope that in the chaos of thought, art may yield revelations of the order that is to follow on this tangled web.

The poet, the musician, is to announce, or divine, or at least suggest in what forms civilization will further be evolved. What shall be considered good tomorrow—what shall be beautiful? What shall we know tomorrow—what believe in? What shall inspire us? How shall we enjoy? So rings the question from the thousand voices of the people, and where a market vendor sets up his booth and claims to give an answer, where a fool or a knave suddenly begins to prophesy in verse or prose, in sound or color, or professes to practice his art otherwise than his predecessors and competitors, there gathers a great concourse, crowding around him to seek in what he has wrought, as in oracles of the Pythia, some meaning to be divined and interpreted. And the more vague and insignificant they are, the more they seem to convey of the future to the poor gaping souls gasping for revelations, and the more greedily and passionately are they expounded.

Such is the spectacle presented by the doings of men in the red-dened light of the Dusk of the Nations. Massed in the sky the clouds are aflame in the weirdly beautiful glow which was observed for the space of years after the eruption of Krakatoa. Over the earth the shadows creep with deepening gloom, wrapping all objects in a mysterious dimness, in which all certainty is destroyed and any guess seems plausible. Forms lose their outlines, and are dissolved in floating mist. The day is over, the night draws on. The old anxiously watch its approach, fearing they will not live to see the end. A few amongst the young and strong are conscious of the vigor of life in all their veins and nerves, and rejoice in the coming sunrise.

MANIFESTO OF LUST

Valentine de Saint-Point

The avant-garde ismists of the early twentieth century were quick to codify their transformation of bourgeois values in the form of broadsides and manifestos that seemed to exist mainly for their irritation factor. Many such outbursts, however—by Marinetti, Russolo, Tzara—go much further, and are remarkable for their brilliant, virile poetry. Saint-Point's *Futurist Manifesto of Lust*, written as a leaflet in 1913 to reply to the philistine press's hectoring of his lectures given at Futurist exhibitions in Brussels and Paris, takes us beyond the usual "we-want-this-we-want-that" to an understanding of elemental processes of action and form in nature. This is spirit-as-sculpture, desire-as-religion, expression-as-god. [A. P.]

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A reply to those dishonest journalists who twist phrases to make the Idea seem ridiculous;

to those women who only think what I have dared to say;

to those for whom Lust is nothing but a sin;

to all those who in Lust can only see Vice, just as in Pride they see only vanity.

Lust, when viewed without moral preconceptions and as an essential part of life's dynamism, is a force.

Lust is not, any more than pride, a mortal sin for the race that is strong. Lust, like pride, is a virtue that urges one on, a powerful source of energy.

Lust is the expression of a being projected beyond itself. It is the painful joy of wounded flesh, the joyous pain of a flowering. And whatever secrets unite these beings, it is a union of flesh. It is the sensory and sensual synthesis that leads to the greatest liberation of spirit. It is the communion of a particle of humanity with all the sensuality of the earth. It is the panic shudder of a particle of the earth.

LUST IS THE QUEST OF THE FLESH FOR THE UNKNOWN, just as Cerebration is the spirit's quest for the unknown.

Lust is an act of creating, it is Creation.

Flesh creates in the way that the spirit creates. In the eyes of the Universe their creation is equal. One is not superior to the other and creation of the spirit depends on that of the flesh.

We possess body and spirit. To curb one and develop the other shows weakness and is wrong. A strong man must realize his full carnal and spiritual potentiality. The satisfaction of their lust is the conquerors' due. After a battle in which men have died, IT IS NORMAL FOR THE VICTORS, PROVEN IN WAR, TO TURN TO RAPE IN THE CONQUERED LAND, SO THAT LIFE MAY BE RE-CREATED.

When they have fought their battles, soldiers seek sensual pleasures, in which their constantly battling energies can be unwound and renewed. The modern hero, the hero in any field, experiences the same desire and the same pleasure. The artist, that great universal medium, has the same need. And the exaltation of the initiates of those religions still sufficiently new to contain a tempting element of the unknown, is no more than sensuality diverted spiritually towards a sacred female image.

ART AND WAR ARE THE GREAT MANIFESTATIONS OF SENSUALITY; LUST IS THEIR FLOWER. A people exclusively spiritual or a people exclusively carnal would be condemned to the same decadence—sterility.

LUST EXCITES ENERGY AND RELEASES STRENGTH. Pitilessly it drove primitive man to victory, for the pride of bearing back to a woman the spoils of the defeated. Today it drives the great men of business who direct the banks, the press and international trade to increase their wealth by creating centers, harnessing energies and exalting the crowds, to worship and glorify with it the object of their lust. These men, tired but strong, find time for lust, the principal motive force of their action and the reactions caused by their actions affecting multitudes and worlds.

Even among the new peoples where sensuality has not yet been released or acknowledged, and who are neither primitive brutes nor the sophisticated representatives of the old civilizations, woman is

equally the great galvanizing principle to which all is offered. The secret cult that man has for her is only the unconscious drive of a lust as yet barely woken. Amongst these peoples as amongst the peoples of the north, but for different reasons, lust is almost exclusively concerned with procreation. But lust, under whatever aspects it shows itself, whether they are considered normal or abnormal, is always the supreme spur.

The animal life, the life of energy, the life of the spirit, sometimes demands a respite. And effort for effort's sake calls inevitably for effort for pleasure's sake. These efforts are not mutually harmful but complementary, and realize fully the total being.

For heroes, for those who create with the spirit, for dominators of all fields, lust is the magnificent exaltation of their strength. For every being it is a motive to surpass oneself with the simple aim of self-selection, of being noticed, chosen, picked out.

Christian morality alone, following on from pagan morality, was fatally drawn to consider lust as a weakness. Out of the healthy joy which is the flowering of the flesh in all its power it has made something shameful and to be hidden, a vice to be denied. It has covered it with hypocrisy, and thus has made a sin of it.

WE MUST STOP DESPISING DESIRE, this attraction at once delicate and brutal between two bodies, of whatever sex, two bodies that want each other, striving for unity. We must stop despising Desire, disguising it in the pitiful clothes of old and sterile sentimentality.

It is not lust that disunites, dissolves and annihilates. It is rather the mesmerizing complications of sentimentality, artificial jealousies, words that inebriate and deceive, the rhetoric of parting and eternal fidelities, literary nostalgia—all the histrionics of love.

WE MUST GET RID OF THE ILL-OMENED DEBRIS OF ROMANTICISM, counting daisy petals, moonlight duets, heavy endearments, false hypocritical modesty. When beings are drawn together by a physical attraction, let them—instead of talking only of the fragility of their hearts—dare to express their desires, the inclinations of their bodies, and to anticipate the possibilities of joy and disappointment in their future carnal union.

Physical modesty, which varies according to time and place, has only the ephemeral value of a social virtue.

WE MUST FACE UP TO LUST IN FULL CONSCIOUSNESS. We must make of it what a sophisticated and intelligent being makes of himself and his life; **WE MUST MAKE LUST INTO A WORK OF ART.** To allege unwariness or bewilderment in order to explain an act of love is hypocrisy, weakness and stupidity.

We should desire a body consciously, like any other thing.

Love at first sight, passion or failure to think, must not prompt us to be constantly giving ourselves, nor to take beings, as we are usually inclined to do due to our inability to see into the future. We must choose intelligently. Directed by our intuition and will, we should compare the feelings and desires of the two partners and avoid uniting and satisfying any that are unable to complement and exalt each other.

Equally consciously and with the same guiding will, the joys of this coupling should lead to the climax, should develop its full potential, and should permit to flower all the seeds sown by the merging of two bodies. Lust should be made into a work of art, formed like every work of art, both instinctively and consciously.

WE MUST STRIP LUST OF ALL THE SENTIMENTAL VEILS THAT DISFIGURE IT. These veils were thrown over it out of mere cowardice, because smug sentimentality is so satisfying. Sentimentality is comfortable and therefore demeaning.

In one who is young and healthy, when lust clashes with sentimentality, lust is victorious. Sentiment is a creature of fashion, lust is eternal. Lust triumphs, because it is the joyous exaltation that drives one beyond oneself, the delight in possession and domination, the perpetual victory from which the perpetual battle is born anew, the headiest and surest intoxication of conquest. And as this certain conquest is temporary, it must be constantly won anew.

Lust is a force, in that it refines the spirit by bringing to white heat the excitement of the flesh. The spirit burns bright and clear from a healthy, strong flesh, purified in the embrace. Only the weak and the sick sink into the mire and are diminished. And lust is a

force in that it kills the weak and exalts the strong, aiding natural selection.

Lust is a force, finally, in that it never leads to the insipidity of the definite and the secure, doled out by soothing sentimentality. Lust is the eternal battle, never finally won. After the fleeting triumph, even during the ephemeral triumph itself, reawakening dissatisfaction spurs a human being, driven by an orgiastic will, to expand and surpass himself.

Lust is for the body what an ideal is for the spirit—the magnificent Chimera, that one ever clutches at but never captures, and which the young and the avid, intoxicated with the vision, pursue without rest.

LUST IS A FORCE.

ANARCHO-FUTURIST MANIFESTO

A. L. and V. L. Gordin

The Anarcho-Futurists, whose Individualist creed and incitement to destroy all vestiges of civilization echoed Stirner and Marinetti rather than Lenin, emerged in the anarchist stronghold of Kharkov during the time of the Russian Revolution. In 1917 they founded a group called the Union of the Oppressed Five whose philosophic "pan-anarchism" attacked *a priori* theories and academic abstractions. The Gordins would rather split heads than split hairs. In the end, they were as much disliked by the Bolsheviks as by the Czarists. [A. P.]

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Ah-ah-ah, ha-ha, ho-ho!

Fly into the streets! All who are still fresh and young and not dehumanized—to the streets! The pot-bellied mortar of laughter stands in a square drunk with joy. Laughter and Love, copulating with Melancholy and Hate, pressed together in the mighty, convulsive passion of bestial lust. Long live the psychology of contrasts! Intoxicated, burning spirits have raised the flaming banner of intellectual revolution. Death to the creatures of routine, the philistines, the sufferers from gout! Smash with a deafening noise the cup of vengeful storms! Tear down the churches and their allies the museums! Blast to smithereens the fragile idols of Civilization! Hey, you decadent architects of the sarcophagi of thought, you watchmen of the universal cemetery of books—stand aside! We have come to remove you! The old must be buried, the dusty archives burned by the Vulcan's torch of creative genius. Past the flaky ashes of world-wide devastation, past the charted canvases of bulky paintings, past the burned, fat, pot-bellied volumes of classics we march, we Anarcho-Futurists! Above the vast expanse of devastation covering our land the banner of anarchy will be proudly unfurled. Writing has no value! There is no market for literature! There are no prisons, no limits for subjective creativity!

Everything is permitted! Everything is unrestricted!

The Children of Nature receive in joyous ecstasy the chivalrous golden kiss of the Sun and the lascivious, naked, fat belly of the Earth. The Children of Nature springing from the black soil kindle the passions of naked, lustful bodies. They press them all in one spawning, pregnant cup! Thousands of arms and legs are welded into a single suffocating exhausted heap! The skin is inflamed by hot, insatiable, gnawing caresses. Teeth sink with hatred into warm succulent lovers' flesh! Wide, staring eyes follow the pregnant, burning dance of lust! Everything is strange, uninhibited, elemental. Convulsions—flesh—life—death—everything! Everything!

Such is the poetry of our love! Powerful, immortal, and terrible are we in our love! The north wind rages in the heads of the Children of Nature. Something frightful has appeared—some vampire of melancholy! Perdition—the world is dying! Catch it! Kill it! No, wait! Frenzied, penetrating cries pierce the air. Wait! Melancholy! Black yawning ulcers of agony cover the pale, terror-stricken face of heaven. The earth trembles with fear beneath the mighty wrathful blows of its Children! Oh, you cursed, loathsome things! They tear at its fat, tender flesh and bury their withered, starving melancholy in the flowing blood and fresh wounds of its body. The world is dying! Ah! Ah! Ah! cry millions of tocsins. Ah! Ah! Ah! roar the giant cannons of alarm. Destruction! Chaos! Melancholy! The world is dying!

Such is the poetry of our melancholy! We are uninhibited! Not for us the wailing sentimentality of the humanists. Rather, we shall create the triumphant intellectual brotherhood of peoples, forged with the iron logic of contradictions, of Hate and Love. With bared teeth we shall protect our free union, from Africa to the two poles, against any sentimental level of friendship. Everything is ours! Outside us is only death! Raising the black flag of rebellion, we summon all living men who have not been dehumanized, who have not been benumbed by the poisonous breath of Civilization! All to the streets! Forward! Destroy! Kill! Only death admits no return! Extinguish the old! Thunder, lightning, the elements—all are ours! Forward!

Long live the international intellectual revolution!

**An open road for the Anarcho-Futurists, Anarcho-Hyperboreans,
and Neo-Nihilists!**

Death to world Civilization!

ICONOCLASTS, FORWARD!

Renzo Novatore

"Renzo Novatore" (Abile Riziero Ferrari), an Italian anarchist, was one of the last magnificent plebian rebels of the Heroic Age of anarchism. (In case you were wondering, it's now *over*.) Like Gerry Reith, he was a wayward farm-boy, a collectivist anarchist turned individualist who went nova and died young. And like Reith he was influenced by Nietzsche, de Sade and the inventor of the exclamation point. In the flush times before feminism went wrong it was possible to desire, in his words, to "ravish the impossible." During World War I *my* granddad got a deferment for being a farmer but Italy had peasants to spare so Novatore hid out in the hills to dodge the draft. Eventually the state made peace with other states but not with Novatore. When he was producing his extant writings he was still an outlaw. In 1922, at the traditional age for martyrdom (33), he (and a cop) died in a gun-battle. During the trial of his surviving confederates, the prosecutor—culturally cuts above the usual American hamilton-burgher—described Novatore as "a strange mixture of light and darkness, love and anarchy, the sublime and the criminal." I hope I get that kind of appreciation in my pre-sentence report. [B. B.]

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History, materialism, monism, positivism, and all the "isms" of this world are old and rusty tools which I don't need or mind anymore. My principle is life, my end is death. I wish to live my life intensely and to embrace my death tragically.

You are waiting for the revolution? Let it be! My own began a long time ago! When you will be ready (God, what an endless wait!) I won't mind going along with you for awhile. But when you'll stop, I shall continue on my insane and triumphal way toward the great and sublime conquest of the nothing!

Any society that you build will have its limits. And outside the limits of any society the unruly and heroic tramps will wander, with their wild and virgin thoughts—they who cannot live without planning ever new and dreadful outbursts of rebellion!

I shall be among them!

And after me, as before me, there will ever be those saying to

their fellows:

“So, turn to yourselves rather than to your gods or to your idols. Find what hides in yourselves; bring it to the light; show yourselves!”

Because every person who, searching his own inwardness, extracts what was mysteriously hidden therein, is a shadow eclipsing any form of society which can exist under the sun!

All societies tremble when the scornful aristocracy of the tramps, the inaccessible, the unique, the rulers over the ideal, and the conquerors of the nothing resolutely advances. So, come on, Iconoclasts, forward!

“Already the Foreboding Sky Grows Dark and Silent!”

LITERATURE AND THE REST

Philippe Soupault

Soupault, who is still alive if less than well in Paris, was a prominent though presently a rather neglected figure from the Dada and Surrealist movements. His translator Kirby Olson, the leading authority on Soupault, relates that Soupault was “the main instigator of fist and food fights in the Dada soirees.” Simultaneously—this was 1920—leading a double life, he was a successful businessman with a steel company. Following the predictable breakdown which results from such schizophrenics he was confined in a Swiss sanatorium from which he dispatched this diatribe to Andre Breton. Although they collaborated on a book, *The Magnetic Fields*, Soupault eventually ranted against *The True Andre Breton* in a 56-page diatribe against Breton's too-believable impersonation of Robespierre. The following piss-off memorandum to the underground has never before appeared in English. [B. B.]

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“Why have you written a manifesto?” They cried.

I wrote a manifesto because I had nothing to say.

Literature exists, but in the heart of imbeciles.

It is absurd to divide writers into good and bad. On one side there are my friends, and on the other side, the rest.

When my contemporaries have understood these things, maybe at that moment we will breathe more easily and be able to open our eyes or mouth without fear of asphyxiation. I hope, moreover, that these people of whom I speak and who have only the most delicious contempt for me will never understand anything. That's the only favor I ask of them.

What they shriek in the name of morals, tradition, or literature is always the same shriek, the same wailing. Their disdainful smile is as sweet to me as the passion of their majestic wives. They can scorn me; they'll never know what I think of myself, because my life sprints past like the hands of a watch.

All these people here will never even have the courage to boo in order to express their disgust. Me, I have the courage to boo and to

cry that this manifesto is idiotic and full of contradictions, but I will console myself just the same in remembering that this famous literature, this daisy born in the diaphragm of cretins, is still more stupid.

from ANATHEMA OF ZOS **Austin Osman Spare**

Austin Spare was a highly talented graphic artist who became a virtual hermit in order to practice a kind of masturbatory sorcery which he had been initiated into at the age of seven by an old woman who claimed she was a descendent of a Salem witch. He called his sorcery "Zos vel Thanatos" (Zos he defined as "the body considered as a whole including body, mind and soul"; Thanatos indicates his death-fetish). Spare's practice of self-love within his ritualistic "death posture" (as explicated in a 1913 self-published treatise on "The Psychology of Ecstasy") drew him further and further away from the petty and doubtful pleasures of social intercourse. The *Anathema of Zos: The Sermon to the Hypocrites*, written in 1924, reveals the utter and thorough revulsion Spare held for the bourgeois morality which held desire at arm's length with a mortifying disdain. [A. P.]

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Honest was Sodom! YOUR theology is a slime-pit of gibberish become ethics. In YOUR world, where ignorance and deceit constitute felicity, everything ends miserably—besmirched with fratricidal blood.

Seekers of salvation? Salvation of your sick digestion; crippled beliefs: Convalescent desires. Your borrowed precepts and prayers—a stench unto all good nostrils!

Unworthy of a soul—your metamorphosis is laborious of morbid rebirth to give habitation to the shabby sentiments, the ugly familiarities, the calligraphic pandemonium—a world of abundance acquired of greed. Thus are ye outcasts! Ye habitate dung-heaps; your glorious palaces are hospitals set amid cemeteries. Ye breathe gay-heartedly within this cess-pit? Ye obtain of half-desires, bent-persuasions, of threats, of promises made hideous by vituperation righteousness! Can you realise of Heaven when it exists WITHOUT?

Believing without associating ye are spurious and know not the way of virtue. There is no virtue in truth, nor truth in righteousness. Law becomes of desire's necessity. Corrupt is the teacher, for

they who speak have only spent words to give.

Believe or blaspheme! Do ye not speak from between your thighs?

To believe or unbelieve is the question. Verily, if you believe of the least—ye needs must thrive all things. Ye are of all things, of all knowledge, and belike, will your stupidity to further self-misery!

Your wish? Your heaven? I say your desire is women. Your potential desire a brothel.

Ah, ye who fear suffering, who among ye has courage to assault the cloudy enemies of creeds, of the stomach's pious hopes?

I blaspheme your commandments, to provoke and enjoy your bark, your teeth grinding!

Know ye what ye want? What ye ask? Know ye virtue from maniacal muttering? Sin from folly? Desiring a teacher, who among ye are worthy to learn?

Brutally shall I teach the gospel of soul-suicide, of contraception, not preservation and procreation.

Fools! Ye have made vital the belief the Ego is eternal, fulfilling a purpose now lost to you.

All things become of desire; the legs to the fish; the wings to the reptile. Thus was your soul begotten.

Hear, O, vermin!

MAN HAS WILLED MAN!

Your desires shall become flesh, your dreams reality and no fear shall alter it one whit.

Hence do I travel ye into the incarnating abortions—the aberrations, the horrors without sex, for ye are worthless to offer Heaven new sexualities.

Once in this world I enjoyed laughter—when I remembered the value I gave the contemptible; the significance of my selfish fears; the absurd vanity of my hopes; the sorry righteousness called I.

And YOU?

Certainly not befitting are tears of blood, nor laughter of gods.

Ye do not even look like MEN but the strange spawn of some forgotten ridicule.

Lost among the illusions begat of duality—are these the differentiations ye make for future entity to ride your bestial self? Millions of times have ye had re-birth and many more times will ye again SUFFER existence.

Ye are of things distressed, living down the truths ye made. Loosing only from my overflow, perchance I teach ye to learn of yourselves? In my becoming shall the hungry satisfy of my good and evil? I strive me neither, and confide subsequent to the event.

Know my purpose: To be a stranger unto myself, the enemy of truth.

Uncertain of what ye believe, belike ye half-desire? But believe ye this, serving your dialectics:—

Subscribing only to self-love, the outcroppings of my hatred now speak. Further, to ventilate my own health, I scoff at your puerile dignitaries' absurd moral clothes and ovine faith in a fortuitous and gluttonous future!

Dogs, devouring your own vomit! Cursed are ye all! Throwbacks, adulterers, sycophants, corpse devourers, pilferers and medicine swallows! Think ye Heaven is an infirmary?

Ye know not pleasure. In your sleepy lusts, feeble violence and sickly morale, ye are more contemptible than the beasts ye feed for food.

I detest your Mammon. Disease partakes of your wealth. Having acquired, ye know not how to spend.

YE ARE GOOD MURDERERS ONLY.

Empty of cosmos are they who hunger after righteousness. Already are the merciful spent. Extinct are the pure in heart. Governed are the meek and of Heaven earn similar disgust. Your society is a veneered barbarity. Ye are precocious primitives. Where is your success other than through hatred?

There is no good understanding in your world—this bloody transition by procreation and butchery.

Of necessity ye hate, and love your neighbor by devouring.

The prophets are nauseating and should be persecuted. Objects of ridicule, their deeds cannot live through their tenets. Actions are the criterion, then how can ye speak other than lies?

Love is cursed. Your desire is your God and execration. Ye shall be judged of your appetite.

Around me I see your configuration—again a swine from the herd. A repulsive object of charity! The curse is pronounced; for ye are slime and sweat-born, homicidally reared. And again shall your fathers call to the help of women. Ye vainly labor at a rotten Kingdom of Good and Evil. I say that Heaven is catholic—and none shall enter with the susceptibility of either.

Cursed are ye who shall be persecuted for MY sake. For I say I am CONVENTION entire, excessively evil, perverted and nowhere good—for ye.

Whosoever would be with me is neither much of me nor of himself enough.

— — —

Zos tired, but loathing his hearers too much, he again reviled them saying:—

Worm-ridden jackals! Still would ye feast on my vomit? Whosoever follows me becomes his own enemy; for in that day my exigency shall be his ruin.

Go labor! Fulfill the disgust of becoming yourself, of discovering your beliefs, and thus acquire virtue. Let the good be accidental; thus escape gratitude and its sorry vainglory, for the wrath of Heaven is heavy on easy self-indulgence.

In your desire to create a world, do unto others as you would—when sufficiently courageous.

To cast aside, not save, I come. Inexorably towards myself; to smash the law, to make havoc of the charlatans, the quacks, the swankers and brawling salvationists with their word-tawdry phatasmagoria; to disillusion and awaken every fear of your natural, rapacious selves.

Living the most contemptible and generating everything beastly,

are ye so vain of your excuse to expect other than the worst of your imagining?

Honesty is unvoiced! And I warn you to make holocaust of your saints, your excuses: these flatulent bellowings of your ignorance. Only then could I assure your lurking desire—easy remission of your bowdlerized sins. Criminals of folly! Ye but sin against self.

There is no sin for those of Heaven's delight. I would ye resist not nor exploit your evil: such is of fear, and somnambulism is born of hypocrisy.

In pleasure Heaven shall break every law before this Earth shall pass away. Thus if I possessed, my goodness towards ye would be volcanic.

He who is lawless is free. Necessity and time are conventional phenomena.

Without hypocrisy or fear ye could do as ye wish. Whosoever, therefore, shall break the precept or live its transgression shall have relativity of Heaven. For unless your righteousness exist not, ye shall not pleasure freely and creatively. In so much as ye sin against doctrine, so shall your imagination be required in becoming.



It has been said without wit: "Thou shalt not kill." Among beasts man lives supremely—on his own kind. Teeth and claws are no longer sufficient accessory to appetite. Is this world's worst reality more vicious than human behavior?

I suggest to your inbred love of moral gesture to unravel the actual from the dream.

Rejoice ye! The law-makers shall have the ugly destiny of becoming subject. Whatsoever is ordained is superseded—to make equilibrium of this consciousness rapport with hypocrisy.

Could ye be arbitrary? Belief foreshadows its inversion. Overrun with forgotten desires and struggling truths, ye are their victim in the dying and begetting law.

The way of Heaven is a purpose—anterior to and not induced by thought. Desire, other than the act, shall in no wise obtain:

Therefore believe SYMBOLICALLY or with caution.

Between men and women having that desire there is no adultery. Spend the large lust and when ye are satiated ye shall pass on to something fresh. In this polite day it has become cleaner to fornicate by the wish than to enact.

Offend not your body nor be so stupid as to let your body offend ye. How shall it serve ye to reproach your duality? Let your oath be in earnest; though better to communicate by the living act than by the word.

This God—this cockatrice—is a projection of your imbecile apprehensions, your bald grossness and madhouse vanities. Your love is born of fear; but far better to hate than further deception.

I would make your way difficult. Give and take of all men indiscriminately.

I know your love and hate. Inquire of red diet. Within your stomach is civil war.

Only in self-love is procreative will.

What now! Shall I attempt wisdom by words? Alphabetic truths with legerdemain grammar? There is no spoken truth that is not PAST—more wisely forgotten.

Shall I scrawl slippery paradox with mad calligraphy? Words, mere words! I exist in a wordless world, without yesterday nor tomorrow—beyond becoming.

All conceivableness procures of time and space. Hence I spit on your tatterdemalion ethics, moldering proverbs, priestly inarticulations and delirious pulpit jargon. This alone I give ye as safe commandments in your pestilent schisms.

Better is it to go without than to borrow.

Finer far to take than beg.

From Puberty till Death realise “Self” in all.

There is no greater virtue than good nourishment.

Feed from the udder, and if the milk be Sour, feed on . . .

Human nature is the worst possible!

Once I lived among ye. From self-decency now I habitate the waste places, a willing outcast; associate of goats, cleaner far, more

honest than men.

Within this heterogeneousness of difference, reality is hard to realise; evacuation is difficult.

These spiritualists are living sepulchres. What has decayed should perish decently.

— — —

Cursed are they who supplicate. Gods are with ye yet. Therefore let ye who pray acquire this manner:—

O Self my God, foreign is thy name except in blasphemy, for I am thy iconoclast. I cast thy bread upon the waters, for I myself am meat enough. Hidden in the labyrinth of the Alphabet is my sacred name, the SIGIL of all things unknown. On Earth my kingdom is Eternity of DESIRE. My wish incarnates in the belief and becomes flesh, for, I AM THE LIVING TRUTH. Heaven is ecstasy; my consciousness changing and acquiring association. May I have courage to take from my own superabundance. Let me forget righteousness. Free me of morals. Lead me into the temptation of myself, for I am a tottering kingdom of good and evil.

May worth be acquired through those things I have pleased.

May my trespass be worthy.

Give me the death of my soul. Intoxicate me with self-love. Teach me to sustain its freedom; for I am sufficiently Hell. Let me sin against the small beliefs.—AMEN.

Concluding his conjunction, Zos said:—

Again, O sleep-walkers, beggars and sufferers, born of the stomach; unlucky men to whom happiness is necessary!

Ye are insufficient to live alone, not yet mature enough to sin against the law and still desire women.

Other than damnation I know no magic to satisfy your wishes; for ye believe one thing, desire another, speak unlike, act differently and obtain the living value.

Assuredly inclination towards new faculties springs from this

bastardy!

Social only to the truths convenient to your courage, yet again beasts shall be planted.

Shall I speak of that unique intensity without form? Know ye the ecstasy within? The pleasures between ego and self?

At that time of ecstasy there is no thought of others; there is NO THOUGHT. Thither I go and none may lead.

Sans women—your love is anathema!

For me, there is no way but my way. Therefore, go ye your way—none shall lead ye to walk towards yourselves. Let your pleasures be as sunsets, HONEST ... BLOODY ... GROTESQUE!

Was the original purpose the thorough enjoyment of multitudinous self, for ecstasy? These infinite ramifications of consciousness in entity, associating by mouth, sex, and sense!

Has the besetting of sex become utter wretchedness—repetition made necessary of your scotomy?

O bloody-mouthed! Shall I again entertain ye with a little understanding? An introspection of cannibalism in the shambles of diet—the varying murder against the ancestral? Is there no food beyond corpse?

Your murder and hypocrisy must pass before ye are uplifted to a world where slaughter is unknown.

Thus, with a clean mouth, I say unto ye, I live by bread alone. Sleep is a competent prayer. All morality is BEASTLY.

Alas, there has been a great failure. Man is dead. Only women remain.

With tongue in cheek I would say: “Follow me! That ye realise what is hidden in all suffering. I would make your self-mortification voluntary, your wincing courageous.”

Still will ye be with me? Salutation to all suicides!

— — —

With a yawn Zos wearied and fell asleep.

In time the stench awoke him—for he had slept amidst the

troughs—and he observed that the crowd were no longer with him—that only SWINE remained. And he guffawed and spake thus: “Not yet have I lost relationship and am thereby nearly asphyxiated! Caught up am I in the toils of sentiment, the moral hallucinations within the ebb and flow of hopes and fears?”

Shall age alone transmute desire? Not yet have I disentangled illusion from reality: for I know not men from swine, dreams from reality; or whether I did speak only unto myself. Neither know I to whom my anathema would be the more impressionable. . . .

My insensible soliloquy is eaten as revelation! What I spake with hard strived conceit to increase enterprise brings forth only swinish snorts. Water is not alone in finding its level.

I have not met tragedy, no, not in this life! Yet, whether I have spewed their doctrines upon the tables of the Law or into the troughs, at least I have not cast away the flesh of dreams.

And turning toward his light, Zos said: This my will, O Thou Glorious Sun. I am weary of my snakes descending—making slush.

Farewell antithesis. I have suffered. All is paid.

Let me go forth and recreate my sleep.



GENERAL SECURITY: THE LIQUIDATION OF OPIUM

Antonin Artaud

Artaud was, as he said of Van Gogh, a man "suicided by society." Pain was the privileged place from which he regarded, with horror, human life, the human body and himself. A self-sacrificial offering, Artaud read from his *own* entrails. (And died of cancer of the colon.) The Crucifixion, not the Resurrection, was the aspect of Christianity that called to him. His sometime Surrealist comrades broke with him, ostensibly over their Marxist turn, but basically because of their facile optimism, their love of life (in theory) which Artaud spurned as shallow, even in theory. Frantically, Artaud sought transcendence through the esoteric—from alchemy, from the Balinese theatre, from the Tarahumara Indians of Mexico; but all the while everything, including his opium addiction, attested to his irreparably loathsome corporeality.

This text, from his brief but intense Surrealist phase, defends the opium addict's right to go to hell in his own way. It is, for Artaud, extraordinarily organized and linear, although by ordinary standards it is a shouting splendid rant. [B. B.]

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It is my undisguised intention to exhaust the subject once and for all, so they will leave us the hell alone with the so-called dangers of the drug.

My point of view is clearly anti-social.

There is only one reason to attack opium. This is the danger that its use can inflict on society as a whole.

BUT THIS DANGER IS NONEXISTENT.

We are born rotten in body and soul, we are congenitally maladjusted; do away with opium, you will not do away with the need for crime, the cancers of the body and the soul, the propensity to despair, inborn cretinism, hereditary syphilis, the instability of the instincts, you will not prevent the fact that there are souls predestined for poison, in whatever form—the poison of morphine, the poison of reading, the poison of loneliness, the poison of onanism,

the poison of sexual overindulgence, the poison of congenital weakness of the soul, the poison of alcohol, the poison of tobacco, the poison of anti-sociability. There are souls that are incurable and lost to the rest of society. Deprive them of one means of folly, they will invent ten thousand others. They will create subtler, wilder methods, methods that are absolutely DESPERATE. Nature herself is fundamentally anti-social, it is only by a usurpation of powers that the organized body of society opposes the *natural* inclination of humanity.

Let the lost destroy themselves, we have better ways to occupy our time than to attempt a regeneration which is not only impossible but also pointless, ODIIOUS, AND HARMFUL.

So long as we have failed to eliminate any of the causes of human despair, we do not have the right to try to eliminate those means by which man tries to cleanse himself of despair.

For it would first be necessary to do away with the natural and hidden impulse, that *specious* inclination of man which makes him seek a solution, which gives him *the idea* of seeking a solution to his troubles.

For the lost are lost by nature, all your ideas of moral regeneration will make no difference, there is AN INNATE DETERMINISM, which is an undeniable incurability in suicide, crime, idiocy, madness, there is an invincible cuckoldry in man, there is a congenital weakness of the character, a castration of the mind.

Aphasia exists, locomotor ataxia exists, syphilitic meningitis, theft, usurpation. Hell is of this world and there are men who are unhappy escapees from hell, escapees destined ETERNALLY to reenact their escape. But enough of that.

Man is miserable, the soul is weak, there are men who will always destroy themselves. It matters little how they do it; THIS IS NOT THE BUSINESS OF SOCIETY.

We have demonstrated, have we not, that society can do nothing about this, that it is wasting its time, and that it is only becoming further entrenched in its own stupidity.

And finally, HARMFUL.

Those of us who dare to face the truth know, do we not, the results of the prohibition of alcohol in the United States.

An overproduction of folly: beer with the alcoholic content of ether, alcohol spiked with cocaine and sold under the counter, increased drunkenness, a kind of general intoxication. IN SHORT, THE LAW OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

The same for opium.

Prohibition, which causes increased public curiosity about the drug, has so far profited only the pimps of medicine, journalism, and literature. There are people who have built fecal and industrious reputations on their alleged indignation against the inoffensive and insignificant sect of the damned of the drug (inoffensive because insignificant in size and because always an exception), this minority of those damned by the mind, by the soul, by the disease.

Ah! How neatly tied, in these people, is the umbilical cord of morality! Since they left their mothers they have never sinned, have they? They are apostles, they are the descendants of priests; one can only wonder from what source they draw their indignation, and above all how much they have pocketed to do this, and in any case what it has done for them.

But this is not the point.

In reality, this furor over drugs and the stupid laws that result from it:

1. *Are powerless against the need for the drug* which, whether or not it is satisfied, is intrinsic to the soul and would drive it to deliberately anti-social gestures, EVEN IF THE DRUG DID NOT EXIST.

2. *Aggravate the social need for the drug*, and change it into a secret vice.

3. *Aggravate the real disease*, for this is the real question, the central issue, the dangerous point:

UNFORTUNATELY FOR MEDICINE, THE DISEASE EXISTS.

All the laws, all the restrictions, all the campaigns against nar-

cotics will only succeed in depriving all the most destitute cases of human suffering, who possess over society certain inalienable rights, of the solvent for their miseries, a sustenance for them more wonderful than bread, and the means of finally reentering life.

Better the plague than morphine, proclaims official medicine, better hell than life. Only an idiot like Jean-Pierre Liausu (who is, moreover, an ignorant nonentity) would claim that we should let the *sick stew in their own sickness*.

And all the boorishness of the person betrays itself and indulges itself fully: IN THE NAME, HE CLAIMS, OF THE GENERAL WELFARE.

Destroy yourselves, you who are desperate, and you who are tortured in body and soul, abandon all hope. There is no more solace for you in this world. The world lives off your rotting flesh.

And you, lucid madmen, spastics, cancer patients, chronic meningitis cases, you are the misunderstood. There is a point in you which no doctor will ever understand, and for me this is the point which saves you and makes you august, pure, wonderful: you are outside life, you are above life, you have miseries which the ordinary man does not know, you exceed the normal level, and it is for this that men refuse to forgive you, you poison their peace of mind, you undermine their stability. You have irrepressible pains whose essence is to be inadaptable to any known state, indescribable in words. You have repeated and shifting pains, incurable pains, pains beyond imagining, pains which are neither of the body nor of the soul, *but which partake of both*. And I share your suffering, and I ask you: who dares to ration our relief? In the name of what superior lucidity that usurps our very souls, we who are at the very root of knowledge and lucidity? And this is because of our desire, because of our determination to suffer. We whom pain has sent traveling through our souls to search of a calm place to cling to, seeking stability in evil as others seek stability in good. We are not mad, we are wonderful doctors, we know the dosage of soul, of sensibility, of marrow, of thought. You must leave us alone, you must leave the sick alone; we ask nothing of mankind, we ask only for the relief of our suffering. We have evaluated our

lives well, we know what restrictions they impose on others and above all on ourselves. We know what willed deterioration, what renunciation of ourselves, what paralyses of subtle functions our disease inflicts on us each day. We are not going to kill ourselves just yet. In the meantime, leave us the hell alone.

I WISH YOU ALL HAD ONE NECK

Carl Panzram

Carl Panzram, prisoner #31614, or “Copper John”—Panzram’s own term for a “first-class muzzler and guzzler,” “the most low-down specimen that is on earth”—is that most astonishing anomaly: one who completely understands the origins and forces of his own homicidal hatred.

He indulged his compulsion to murder more than twenty times and rape almost more times than he could count. Few dungeons could keep Panzram subdued for long, and in 1930 he, like Gilmore, was granted his wish and died on the gallows at Leavenworth.

Panzram’s late correspondence with a kindly prison guard, Henry Lesser, afforded this sociopath the rare opportunity to communicate *in words* his unwavering contempt for human life. [A. P.]

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I started doing time when I was eleven years old and have been doing practically nothing else since then. What time I haven’t been in jail I have been either getting out or getting in again.

I have done as I was taught to do. I am no different from any other. You taught me how to live my life, and I have lived as you taught me. If you continue teaching others as you taught me, then you as well as they must pay the price, and the price is very expensive. You lose your all, even life.

Now, you who do not know me or my wishes, you decide without consulting me in any way; you start to try to revoke the judgment of a legally constituted court and the sentence that was pronounced on me. I tell you now that the only thanks you or your kind will ever get from me for your efforts on my behalf is that I wish you all had one neck and that I had my hands on it.

I have no desire whatsoever to reform myself. My only desire is to reform people who try to reform me. And I believe that the only way to reform people is to kill ’em.

I may leave here at any time for some big house, mad house or

death house, but I don't give a damn where they put me. They won't keep me long because no power on earth can keep me alive and in jail for very much longer. I would kind of like to finish writing this whole business in detail before I kick off so that I can explain my side of it even though no one ever hears or reads of it except one man. But one man or a million makes no difference to me. When I am through I am all through, and that settles it with me.

In my lifetime I have murdered 21 human beings, I have committed thousands of burglaries, robberies, larcenies, arsons and last but not least I have committed sodomy on more than 1,000 male human beings. For all these things I am not the least bit sorry. I have no conscience so that does not worry me. I don't believe in man, God nor Devil. I hate the whole damned human race including myself.

If you or anyone else will take the trouble and have the intelligence or patience to follow and examine every one of my crimes, you will find that I have consistently followed one idea through all my life. I preyed upon the weak, the harmless and the unsuspecting.

This lesson I was taught by others: might makes right.

from *THE ETERNAL YOUTH* Ralph Chubb

Ralph Chubb lived and died in a small English village, born out of his time, unknown, and now largely forgotten. His books, which were sometimes printed in editions of as little as six copies, were hand-lettered, drawn and illuminated by Chubb in imitation of Blake. Despite the beauty of the books they were collected only by a few occultists and pederasts—for Chubb's mystical message was of a "New Age" to be ruled by the spirit of boy-love. He was in trouble with the local constabulary several times but survived into the 1950s, to be rescued from total oblivion by Timothy d'Arch Smith in his witty history of English pedophile poetry, *Love in Earnest*. Since then Chubb has found a few ardent admirers, even the disciples he lacked in life, including the American artist Sidney Smith, and the English gay-occultist group centered around the zine *Ganymede*, which printed the following text. [Hakim Bey]

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A Revelation to Humanity: which is now ready to emerge from the embryo or chrysalis and chaotic Social Stage of its evolution and enter upon its true infancy of free naked Individual one-ness and harmony with Nature.—N. B. It is herein assumed that the Individual and the Universal are One and are Real; that the General, the Average, the Social, with Compromise, are delusive shadows; that there is no "external" nor "objective," but there are only varying degrees of Subjective. Thus each Being everywhere can with truth say "I am all: I have all." There is only One All, which each Being wholly Is.

In bright Eternity the Spirit fallen sleep
Of shadowy Time and Space strange visions dreameth deep.

1. ONE day in this corporeal age there appeared to me a lovely Youth. He seemed of fifteen years: he was naked. In face and form he was loveliest of all flesh I had ever beheld; so sturdy and graceful were his limbs; thick and fine curled his hair: Spirit shone from his eyes, health divine seemed to ray from his body. He smiled upon me, and I sought to touch him. But he melted from my clasp. From a distance he seemed to beckon to me. Then I saw him

nowhere more.

2. THEN I knew that I had seen a vision. I knew that this was the mystery of life which I had almost forgot in the slumber of the senses. Ah! If I could but awake; if I could but possess him and become one with him! So I resolved to set out on my mental travels forthwith and go and seek for him.

3. NOT very long afterwards he appears again to me by night in sleep; and takes me by the hand and lifts me up from my bed in air. Immediately a feeling as of both huge and tiny at once surged through me. Up and up we rose together. A rushing filled my ear louder than a thousand thunders! Through ink-black Space and blazing orbs as in wild dream! Lo, what vast suns stupendous, what worlds of wonder, what systems near and far! Whirled whirled dizzy I survey the whole Scheme!

4. AND then I found myself lying in the grass alone and saw tiniest insects right next to my eye and wee flowers no bigger than a grain of sand. It was a wild secret region of forest, where a little brook fled in caverned falls nearby. The sun shone soft, small birds twittered and warbled up aloft. Following this brook by and by I heard an aged hermit muttering as if to himself, wagging his beard the while. The fool will always be questioning; but the man of sense contains in himself the answer to all questions. If man but knew it, the Milky Way itself streams nowhere else but as it courses through his own veins. I understood that he spoke of my vision. Then he showed me in a book the history of the World; and the page opened interiorly, and I stood in a place where I saw men who were building Pyramids. After I had watched them a while I asked him who built them? But he replied quietly, The Pyramids are in this spot and I build them. With that he pointed to the inscription over the entrance to his cavern a short distance off, and I read these words:—ALL IS NOW. Consider, said he. What is the Past except an anticipation of that which when it comes is still the Present? My son, Eternity alone is!

5. FOR artificial man to pretend to be beyond Nature, when he has never yet attempted to become worthy to achieve her or even to touch the extremest hem of her garment is folly and self-

delusion! First achieve nature, O humanity. Then you shall become fit vehicles for the Spirit. Perfect bodies in perfect health and joy and love and naked freedom beneath the sun is Nature. It is also good sense and God's will!

Not far off in a pool some beautiful male children were bathing naked. And the hermit tossed in white pebbles after which they dived very prettily. These young ones understand life, he said; and such as these! Woe to them, said he, who have wilfully quenched the light!

6. NOW the brook flowed on through the hermit's cavern supplying him with drink. After we had watched the boys for a while at their swimming and sports we left them and entered. (But he whom I sought though felt was not visible amongst them.)

All within the grotto was dim and mysterious. And on the wall were words which seemed to blaze:—ALL IS HERE. And I heard the hermit's voice murmuring; it seemed as if his voice was only the echo of the brook and what I saw but reflections in the brook. "Those whom we love who have passed are closer at hand than when they were corporeally perceived!"

So the cavern expanded spiritually and opened into a great hall or ante-chamber. And I ascended a flight of stone steps, down which many people were descending. And among them so close that we well nigh brushed was my friend, he who fell in War. So you are not dead! I strove to say. But he merely looked at me with inscrutable smile and passed on down the staircase in silence among the rest.

7. SLEEPING that night in a little nook hollowed out of the rock, while the thunder pealed without, I dreamed. I stood within a vast circular building in a mist of light. All around, the walls were lined with galleries, tier above tier innumerable; whereon motionless, shoulder to shoulder, stood stalwart naked youths, thousands on thousands; and I among them one. After a while some unseen signal passed. In silence most intense I floated out through space, while all there watched. So from the opposite side dimly discernible one floated out towards me. And in mid-air beneath the dome we met and lightly touched our hands. So I awoke.

8. **THAT** which receives my inner sanction alone is real. What pretends to be exterior to me is of nought. And that self same thing which is false perceived without is eternal truth in the Imagination: when shadow is redeemed to substance mentally.

Awake, O human soul! Freedom alone exists. It is in Me! in You! I in you, and you in me! 'Tis spirit! All things of desire, all things of delight, all things of gratification and of grace: these alone exist! (Behold, O calm-eyed Sphinx of Egypt, your mystery unriddled!) Whatever in the world of Nature, or elsewhere, corresponds with inmost vision—such alone exists! Contrariness is nought! What then are shadows perceived by a shadow? Things of the senses perceived by organs of sense? Phantoms of a phantom! Dreams within a dream! But things of Nature spiritually seen are true, they are ideal; when seen with love are lovely. Awake, O human soul! Joy is! What is that which is older than the oldest thing, and younger than the youngest? Who is he? Then what am I? Awake!

The voice of the hermit murmured in my ear. "This too is all a dream." "Whose dream?" I asked him; and he smiled.

9. **AFTER** this torch in hand I passed through caverns within caverns rugged fantastic. But all the strange things which I experienced I dare not rehearse to you. Suffice it to relate that the brook flows on through many vaulted tunnels into a deep underground river; which pours in an everlasting cataract into a raging whirlpool; which gushes out through a rock precipice in broad daylight into a great still sea, in the midst of which there is an island where softest sunshine streams continually down upon the shore. All is green and very pleasant upon the island with shady groves of oak trees and acacias, with daffodils and primroses and anemones and celandine. And in the midst I came upon a hidden secret temple. So I passed up the steps to the mysterious entrance of the temple of purest alabaster. There came out to welcome me as my Lord and my Love, a youth bright as Day with shining countenance. I have met him face to face.

... I must say that as I seem to have discovered the luminous shrine of my soul's activity in its earth pilgrimage to be—does it

seem strange to you? I cannot argue, it merely is so, believe me—the naked bathing places of male children of ripe age in unspoilt countrysides; so also I have found that in such places the presence of adult males, even mature youths, and still more perhaps of any females whether young or adult, however agreeable and congenial company they may be in themselves, detracts from my pleasure, if it does not altogether ruin it. (Let me remark here, in parenthesis, that of course I speak in no literal sense: I speak of some deep undefinable revelation, a vision within my soul. In the ordinary relations of life, my friends, kinsfolk, acquaintances, the men and women and children whom I meet and consort with, are the society of my choice: I am perfectly catholic and gladly accept everyday companionship or environment just as it is.)

Now, to return to my subject, modesty or true shame is an instinct which is not without a meaning. The instinct for privacy and segregation in love and delights has a real spiritual significance. It plays a necessary part in the harmony of being. We want to be alone with our loves, because then we are most fully conscious of the Divine presence without anything to distract our attention. Thus Hudson, for instance, wanted to be alone with his wild birds. We may love everybody and everything with an equal unbounded love, that does not affect the question. Indeed for full communion with God or for inspired communion with Nature we often require complete solitude, without any human company whatever.

Therefore I feel that so long as the man-and-woman-with-procreation stage of humanity lasts, a visible open and complete return to Nature is scarcely possible or desirable. The physical relations of men and women, however healthy and necessary they may be for present purposes, are too carnal, too much akin to animality to be endured by the light of day, they belong to hiddenness and night. Therefore they are well covered up by clothing, by houses, by the social veil or external screen generally; and especially does this apply to woman the lunar branch, who indeed has chiefly built up the present social structure for this beneficent and useful object of secrecy.

But when the spiritual re-birth of the human race is effected,

when the adult male shade and the female shade both are dispelled by the light of the heavenly dawn of Eros the boy-god, then the naked caresses and free delights of love shall be visibly enjoyed beneath the noonday sun without shame or disguise of any kind.

The only visible manifestations of God will then be beautiful peaceful Nature and a shining race of eternal naked adolescents of perfect form—angel children—their bodies at one with their souls and their souls at one with their spirits. The expression of their faces is simple, open and confiding, with starry eyes. Their minds and souls are transparent like crystal, so that they live in each other as in themselves, and nothing is hid anywhere. Where all are of one kind and shape, what need is there for shame or the pretence of it?

from **BAGATELLES POUR UN MASSACRE**

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

Finding wide circulation when published in 1937, Céline's notorious *Bagatelles pour un Massacre* can now only be found moldering in the Judaica sections of a few metropolitan libraries. The *Bagatelles*, along with *L'Ecole des Cadavres* and *Les Beaux Draps* are barred entry even into the Gallimard editions of his Complete Works. Why?

The rehabilitation of "troublesome" writers after World War II is something of a preoccupation of the publishing industry-academic institution nexus. Céline, Pound, Wyndham Lewis, T. S. Eliot, Oswald Spengler, Martin Heidegger, Gabriele D'Annunzio, Knut Hamsun, Paul de Man, and other intellectual giants of the 20th century are now being cleansed of their fascist tendencies and Axis sympathies. We are now asked to "separate the man from his work." "Dupes of Hitlerism" goes the refrain, as if these brilliant figures had not the capacity to know what they were supporting.

Céline's most powerful invective is displayed in these banned works, which center on the notion that a network of powerful Jews is bringing the world to its knees by enslavement of the economy through international debt banking and wars waged to support the banking schemes. Céline never repudiated his vitriol but later was obsessed in the book completed just hours before his death, *Rigadoon*, by what he thought was a far greater menace to western man: racial extinction. [A. P.]

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"The entire world is governed by 300 Israelites, whom I know."

Rathenau, Jew, German Foreign Minister

"One Jew for every foxhole" . . . that's my motto for the next war. A Jew and a Freemason . . . Basically the interested parties, those with something to gain, those in power . . . First of all, everyone will get theirs, foxholes are hardly lacking from Dunkerque to Gascony. In this case, it would be child's play to accommodate the whole coterie! Every Lodge and the most discreet

synagogues will get their opportunity.

You see, my little decree of mobilizing Jews with their lock-stepped mannerisms, is no joke . . . It is well understood, well-known, and well accepted by our yids. The potential result may astonish you, so priceless, so providential, enabling us to miraculously avoid any bloody participation in the greatest slaughterhouse of all time . . . It's simply waiting to be started-up, it's beating down our doors . . . An event more and more inevitable (which Jews render more and more necessary with their investigations).

You would be witness to a magical inspiration, I should say, invincible fiery squalls, true whirlwinds of pacifist protest! Crossing all borders! We'd be drowning in doves! . . .

Miraculous summits between traditional enemies would soon be in the making . . . They will seek to join hands from one end of the universe to the other . . . As soon as you let the cook know that he, personally, will be added to his own stock, he will not be lighting any more burners . . .

"My dear lobster! My dear lobster!" he cries, he is moved . . . He has understood . . . From this point on, there is a lot less talk about the Russians, of these great Judaic-Tartar alliances, imperative and absolutely essential for happiness . . . for freeing our minds. When the Jews thoroughly understand that their guts will be used in this blood sausage battle . . . they will then discover that these "Alliances" really are awful . . . When it's a question of paying with one's own rotten carcass, even the worst desperate gambler hesitates. I assure you that they will find some novel compromises to solve the Social Question . . . Jews are good at backing down. Let the Russians slide back into barbarism! . . . into their Mongolian night . . . From every corner of the universe, as if by magic, suddenly it will be discovered that these stinking defective Asiatics, these puking Mongoloids, are really unbearable! We never should have let such ugly bastards distract us . . . They'll have to be put somewhere quick, let them run and hide . . . Kirghiz, Manchurians, Papuans! The only thing saints would be discussing would be Scandinavia . . . Norwegian miracles . . . Class coopera-

tion and unions designed for understanding would be scrupulously studied. There would be no more talk of interventions, crusades, and rigid beliefs . . . Appeasement would abound! They'd invite all the fascists to come to Garches for a drink. To play the accordion, to crown the young maidens . . . It would be idyllic . . . the day the Jews, all Jews, are intimately convinced, completely persuaded, that they were all going off to war, them first, from the first shot fired, from the first salvo and then lined up to the last, to the very last Jew.

Because Jews are our masters, because they represent the Salt of the Earth, the Light of the Universe. Because they are the ones who can make this land habitable, we must begin! All of them in the front line! Good God! and no relenting! It's their turn to treat us, I want to see them blown up in the front line! Make those front lines habitable. What a marvelous show: the best Jewish play ever.

It will be worth dying to see. I promise to raise the curtain myself, at no extra charge, and to remain as long as necessary to finally see all these kikes going over the top, to admire this splendid sport, to finally see Mr. Blum's jaw drop and then the "Benda Brothers" take the assault, cursing us all to hell, with one thousand bayonets at their asses! [Translated by Frances Parker.]

from DARKNESS

Ezra Pound

When American academic institutions speak of Ezra Pound they do so in tones of hushed reverence. The Cantos, modernism, the Pound Era are the passwords. Wholly forgotten are Pound's inconvenient *Jefferson And/Or Mussolini* and *Ezra Pound Speaking*—a collection of his treasonous radio broadcasts from Italy that Greenwood Press has made available in an expensive short-run printing.

They threw old Pound into the madhouse for thirteen years for making known his unpopular opinions about WWII, and now they're sneaking him through the servant's entrance into intellectual respectability. I'd rather they had hanged Pound from the gibbet like the Lord of Haw-Haw and incorporated his polemic to stand as part of the contemporary portrait instead of engaging in intellectual parricide by cruelly eviscerating his dearly-held world views.

Darkness was broadcast from Radio Rome on July 13, 1942. [A. P.]

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You are in black darkness and confusion. You have been hugger-mugged, and carom-shotted into a war, and you know NOTHING about it. You know NOTHING about the forces that caused it, or you know next to nothing.

I am in the agonized position of an observer who had worked twenty-five years to prevent it. And I am not the only observer who had so striven.

Apparently NO man could prevent it, that is up to the point that it was not prevented. A belief in destiny does NOT necessarily imply a belief that we have NO duty, that we should NOT attempt to learn, that we should sit supine before age-old evil.

Given a little more knowledge, given the elimination of a small number of shysters, the war need not have happened.

Well, Europeans who ought to have known more than American farm boys got topped into it BECAUSE they were ignorant. Books may sell fifteen editions in forty years without penetrating the mind of a nation. Some things that I say are NOT new, but I believe they

are all necessary to knowin' which way the wind blows. You have got to learn some things or die, got to learn some things or perish.

All purchasing power does NOT come from labor, shysters try to live on the part of purchasing power that does not, that does NOT come from labor.

There is enough of purchasing power based on labor, and on labor only, to RUN all the culture, to keep up all studies, arts, all the amenities, the good life in toto. The extra purchasing power does NOT create these things, it corrodes them. It does NOT create what makes life fit to live, it attacks it. It spoils it. It rots it.

A thousand years of European thought went to makin' what is best in life as we know it, or as we HAD known it before the last two outbreaks of bellicosity.

As outbreaks they were NEEDED, needed to bust the fog, the stink, the fugg, the chains of monopoly. There was NO intellectual need of the liberation being conducted by cannon, tanks and machine guns. That is to say, human stupidity and chickenheadedness were so dense and so wafty that without the explosive publicity humanity evidently would not understand, and would not even turn its attention to the roots of the evil. Europe is fightin' for the good life, the shysters are fighting to prevent it. Even British minorities are muddleheadedly gettin' obstinate over some phases of the amenities. I admit that the public voice in Britain pretty well keeps off of this topic. But there is a squashy, soft, vague, underlyin' feelin' in England that something would get lost if the Axis licks 'em.

That view is in error. There is MORE sense of the good life in Italy than in England. England don't know it. England does NOT know the good life in Italy. Italians are different. They even criticize one another.

Talk of organization, I mean to talk of organization. BUT there is no use organizin' till you know what you organize FOR. You ought to organize against world-wide sabotage, sabotage of everything that makes life fit for human being and for a sense of justice. Sense of justice corroded for decades. Corrosion gets in its work LARGELY because people don't know, and fear is begotten of

IGNORANCE. WHAT *are* you fightin' for? Fightin' for the congressional system? Fightin' for parliamentary system? I doubt it. Democracy? What *do* you mean by democracy?

A man might fight for justice. Many men fight from greed . . . not their own greed. Fight from instinct. That's okay up to a point. Fight for survival, that's health. Man ought to fight for survival, and for RACIAL survival. But are you fightin' for racial survival? I doubt it. I doubt if you have got to thinkin' of racial survival. I suggest you start thinkin'.

British instinct had paled, lot of 'em so worn down they are ready to prefer suicide. I mean consciously. De facto, as a matter of fact, they've been suicidin' their race for some time. Even openly gloryin' in the small family, gloryin' in not breedin'. That is NOT aimed at survival. My fight from bad temper and natural cussedness, that is also understandable, but not admirable.

The English and the Americans, IF they ever fight to survive will, I think, have to come to the European state of enlightenment. They will have to fight on a basis of race. Other bases have failed 'em. Got to organize on basis of race, thereAFTER you might arrange an agreement of races, of racial strains, but be careful. One bad apple stinks up the whole barrel. Congressional votin' systems are all superficial, well not wholly superficial, BUT there has got to be something down under, got to be a conviction, a reality, can't be all hokum and shysters.

THE POETS' DISHONOR

Benjamin Peret

Peret was a Surrealist poet who fought in the Spanish Civil War. Although he fully involved himself in Andre Breton's Marxist politicization of Surrealism, unlike Aragon and Tzara and others he escaped with at least something of his critical faculties and poetic sensibilities intact. In this 1945 polemic, he argues *on political grounds* for the independence of poetry from direct service, as propaganda, for any political cause, even anti-fascism. As his translator Jim Brook remarks, unfortunately Peret is again timely. His "critique of French Resistance 'poets' today serves well as a critique of their Latin American epigones—the Roque Daltons, the Claribel Alegrias, and the Ernesto Cardenals, eulogizers of the leftist state." [B. B.]

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If one looks for the original meaning of poetry, today concealed by society's myriad gauds, one ascertains that poetry is the true inspiration of humanity, the source of all knowledge and knowledge itself in its most immaculate aspect. The entire spiritual life of humanity since it began to be aware of itself is condensed in poetry; in it throb humanity's highest creations and, land ever fertile, it keeps perpetually in reserve the colorless crystals and harvests of tomorrow. Tutelary god with a thousand faces, it is here called love, there freedom, everywhere science. It remains omnipotent, bubbling up in the Eskimo's mythic tale; bursting forth in the love letter; machine-gunning the firing squad that shoots the worker exhaling his last breath of revolution and thus of freedom; sparkling in the scientist's discovery; failing, anemic, as the stupidest productions call on it; while its memory, a eulogy that would like to be funereal, still penetrates the mummified words of the priest, poetry's assassin, listened to by the faithful as they blindly and dumbly look for it in the tomb of dogma where poetry is no more than delusive dust.

Poetry's innumerable detractors, true and false priests, more hypocritical than the priesthood of all the churches, false witnesses of every epoch, accuse it of being a means of evasion, a flight from

reality, as if it were not reality itself, reality's essence and exaltation. But incapable of conceiving of reality as a whole and in its complex relations, they wish to see only its most immediate, most sordid aspects. They see only adultery without ever experiencing love, the bomber plane without recalling Icarus, the adventure novel without understanding the permanent, elementary, and profound poetic aspiration that it has the vain ambition of satisfying. They scorn the dream in favor of their reality as if the dream were not one of the most deeply moving aspects of reality; they exalt action at the expense of meditation as if the former without the latter were not a sport as meaningless as any other. Formerly, they opposed the spirit to matter; now they defend matter against the spirit. In point of fact, they have brought intuition to the aid of reason without remembering from whence this reason came.

The enemies of poetry have always been obsessed with subjecting it to their immediate ends, whether by crushing it under their god or, as now, by constraining it under orders of the new brown or "red" divinity—the reddish-brown of dried blood—even bloodier than the old one. For them, life and culture are summed up in the useful and the useless, it being understood that the useful takes the form of a pickaxe wielded for their benefit. For them, poetry is only a luxury for the rich—the aristocrat or the banker—and if it wants to become useful to the masses, it should become resigned to the lot of the "applied," "decorative," and "domestic" arts.

Instinctively, they sense, however, that poetry is the fulcrum Archimedes required and they fear that the world, once raised up, might fall back on their head. Hence the ambition to debase poetry, to deny it all efficacy, all value as an exaltation, to give it the hypocritical, consolatory role of a sister of charity.

But the poet does not have to perpetuate for others an illusory hope, human or celestial, nor disarm minds while filling them with boundless confidence in a father or leader for whom any criticism becomes a sacrilege. Quite the contrary, it is up to the poet to give voice to words always sacrilegious, to permanent blasphemies. An inventor for whom a discovery is only the means of attaining new discoveries, he must relentlessly combat the paralyzing gods eager

to keep humanity in servitude with respect to social powers and the divinity, which complement one another. Thus he will be a revolutionary but not one of those who oppose today's tyrant, who they see as baneful because he has betrayed their interests, only to praise the excellence of tomorrow's oppressor, whose servants they already are. No, the poet struggles against all oppression: first of all, that of man by man and the oppression of thought by religious, philosophical and social dogmas. He fights so that humanity may attain an ever more perfect knowledge of itself and the universe. It does not follow that he wants to put poetry in the service of political action, even if revolutionary. But by virtue of being a poet he has become a revolutionary who must fight on all terrains: on the terrain of poetry by the appropriate means and on the terrain of social action, without ever confusing the two fields of action under penalty of reestablishing the confusion that is to be dissipated and consequently ceasing to be a poet, that is to say, a revolutionary.

Wars like the one we are undergoing are possible thanks only to a conjunction of *all* forces of regression and they signify, among other things, an arrest of cultural expansion, checked by the forces of regression that culture threatens. This is too obvious to be gone into. From this momentary defeat of culture fatally ensues a triumph of the spirit of reaction and, above all, religious obscurantism, the necessary crown of every reactionary movement. One must go back very far in history to find a period when God, the Almighty, Providence, etc., were so frequently invoked by heads of state or for their benefit. Churchill hardly makes a speech without assuring himself of His protection; Roosevelt does much the same; de Gaulle puts himself under the protection of the Cross of Lorraine; Hitler daily invokes Providence; and from morning to night metropolitans of all kinds thank the Lord for the blessing of Stalinism. Far from being an unusual demonstration on their part, their attitude consecrates a general movement of regression at the same time reveals their panic. During the preceding war, the clerics of France solemnly declared that God was not German, while on the other side of the Rhine their counterparts proclaimed His German nationality. Never have the churches of France known so many faithful as since the start of the current hostilities. [...]

The resurrection of God, fatherland, and leader has been the result of people's extreme confusion, engendered by the war and maintained by its beneficiaries. Therefore, the intellectual ferment engendered by the situation, to the extent that one goes along with it, remains completely regressive, affected by a negative coefficient. Its products remain reaction, whether they are the "poetry" of fascist or antifascist propaganda or of religious exaltation. [...]

To compare the revolutionaries of the Year II and 1917 with the mystics of the Middle Ages does not in any way amount to situating them on the same plane; but in trying to bring the illusory religious paradise down to earth, the mystics exhibited psychological processes similar to those found in revolutionaries. Still, one must distinguish between the mystics, who, despite themselves, tend to consolidate myth and involuntarily prepare the conditions that will lead to its reduction to religious dogma, from the heretics, whose intellectual and social role is always revolutionary because it brings into question the principles on which myth relies as it mummifies itself in dogma. Indeed, if the orthodox mystic (but can one speak of an orthodox mystic?) conveys a certain relative conformism, the heretic, on the other hand, expresses an opposition to the society in which he lives. Thus, only priests are to be considered in the same light as the current supporters of fatherland and leader, for they have the same parasitic function in regard to myth.

I could wish no better example of the preceding than a small pamphlet that recently appeared in Rio de Janeiro: *l'Honneur des poètes* (*The Poets' Honor*), which contains a selection of poems published clandestinely in Paris during the Nazi occupation. Not one of these "poems" surpasses the poetic level of pharmaceutical advertising, and it is not by chance that the great majority of their authors have believed it necessary to return to classical rhyme and alexandrines. Form and content necessarily maintain a very strict relation between themselves and, in these "verses," act on each other in a frantic race to the worst reaction. It is thus significant that most of these texts strictly associate Christianity and nationalism as if they wished to demonstrate that religious dogma and nationalist dogma have a common origin and an identical so-

cial function. The title itself, *The Poets' Honor*, considered in regard to its content, takes on a sense foreign to all poetry. All said, the honor of these "poets" consists of ceasing to be poets in order to become advertising agents....

... The litany form flourishes in the majority of these "poems," doubtless because of the idea of poetry and lamentation it implies and the perverse taste for evil that the Christian litany tends to exalt with a view to deserving celestial happiness. Even Aragon and Eluard, formerly atheists, feel obligated, the one, to evoke in his productions the "saints and prophets," "the tomb of Lazarus," and, the other, to return to the litany, no doubt in obedience to the famous slogan: "The priests are with us." ...

Much more could be said about the freedom so often evoked in these pages. First, what freedom? Freedom for a small number to squeeze the entire population or freedom for this population to bring this small number of privileged people to their senses? Freedom for the believers to impose their god and their morality on the whole society or freedom for this society to reject God, His philosophy, and His morality? Freedom is like "a breath of air," said Andre Breton; and to fulfill his role this breath of air must first sweep away all the miasmas of the past that infest this pamphlet. As long as the malevolent phantoms of religion and fatherland disturb the intellectual and social air in whatever guise that they may take, no freedom is conceivable: their prior expulsion is one of the main conditions for the advent of freedom. Every "poem" that exalts a "freedom" willfully left undefined, even when not adorned with religious or nationalist attributes, first ceases to be a poem and then constitutes an obstacle to the total liberation of humanity, for such a "poem" deceives in presenting a "freedom" that dissimulates new chains. From every *authentic* poem, on the other hand, issues a breath of complete and effective freedom, even if this freedom is not evoked in its political or social aspect; thus the poem contributes to the real liberation of humanity.

from LISTEN, LITTLE MAN!

Wilhelm Reich

"Listen, Little Man!" is a human and not a scientific document. It was written in the summer of 1945 for the Archives of the Orgone Institute without the intention of publishing it. It was the result of the inner storms and conflicts of a natural scientist and physician who watched, over decades, first naively, then with amazement and finally with horror, what the Little Man in the street *does to himself*; how he suffers and rebels, how he esteems his enemies and murders his friends; how, wherever he gains power as a 'representative of the people,' he misuses this power and makes it into something more cruel than the power which previously he had to suffer at the hands of individual sadists of the upper classes." [From Wilhelm Reich's introduction to *Listen, Little Man!*]

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You stand on your head and you believe yourself dancing into the realm of freedom. You will wake up from your nightmare, Little Man, finding yourself helplessly lying on the ground. *For you steal where you are being given, and you give where you are being robbed.* You confuse the right to free speech and to criticism with irresponsible talk and poor jokes. You want to criticize but you don't want to be criticized, and for this reason you get torn apart. You always want to attack without exposing yourself to attack. That's why you always shoot from ambush.

"Police! Police! Is his passport in order? Is he really a Doctor of Medicine? His name is not in *Who's Who*, and the Medical Association fights him."

The police won't help here, Little Man. They can catch thieves and can regulate traffic, but they cannot get freedom for you. You have destroyed your freedom yourself, and go on destroying it, with an inexorable consistency. Before the first "World War," there were no passports in international travel; you could travel wherever you wished. The war for "freedom and peace" brought the passport controls, and they stuck to you like lice. When you wanted to travel some 300 kilometers in Europe, you first had to ask for permission in the consulates of some ten different nations.

And so it still is, years after the termination of the second war to end all wars. And so it will remain after the third and nth war to end all wars.

“Listen! He sullies my patriotism, the honor and the glory of the nation!”

Oh, be quiet, Little Man. There are two kinds of tones: the howling of a storm about mountain tops, and —your fart. You are a fart, and you believe to smell of violets. I cure your neurotic misery and you ask whether I am in *Who's Who*? I understand your cancer, and your little Commissioner of Health prohibits my experimenting with mice. I taught your physicians to understand you medically, and your Medical Association denounces me to the police. You are mentally ill, and they administer electric shocks to you, just as in the Middle Ages they used the chain or the whip.

Be quiet, Dear Little Man. Your life is all too miserable. I do not want to save you, but I shall finish my talk to you, even if you should come around in a white nightshirt and a mask, with a rope in your cruel, bloody hand, to hang me. You cannot hang me, Little Man, without stringing up yourself. For I represent your life, your feeling of the world, your humanity, your love and your joy in creating. No, you cannot murder me, Little Man. Once I was afraid of you, just as before I had believed in you too much. But I have gone beyond you, and now I see you in the persepective of thousands of years, forwards and backwards in time. I want you to lose your fear of yourself. I want you to live more happily and more decently. I want you to have a body which is alive instead of rigid, I want you to love your children instead of hating them, to make your wife happy instead of “maritally” torturing her. I am your physician, and since you inhabit this planet, I am a planetary physician; I am not a German, or a Jew, or a Christian, or an Italian, I am a citizen of the earth.

FORMULARY FOR A NEW URBANISM

Ivan Chtcheglov

Chtcheglov is of that fraction of the avant-garde that isn't fooling around. And so he went mad. Of Eastern European origin, he joined Isidore Isou's Lettrists, whose neo-Dada back-to-basics troublemaking sought to supercede Surrealism in the years following World War II. But when Isou denounced a Lettrist disruption of a press conference for slapstick Stalinist Charlie Chaplin, Chtcheglov and Guy Debord and friends broke away to form the Lettrist International. During this period, when Chtcheglov was 19, he penned the "Formulary," a curious amalgam of St.-Simonian techno-futurism and Fourierist pluralist-collectivist hedonism. In 1958 the L.I. merged into and basically dominated the Situationist International, by which time Chtcheglov was close to incarceration in some Central European madhouse if he was not already in the slammer. His sidekick Debord augmented Chtcheglov's impressionistic and essentially aesthetic antagonism to life as we live it with borrowings from ultra-left Marxism. But rarely did the situationists recover Chtcheglov's visionary urgency as they integrated their cultural critique with a critique of political economy. They accomplished something important, but no longer did they dance, or sing, or rant. [B. B.]

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SIRE, I AM FROM THE OTHER COUNTRY

We are bored in the city, there is no longer any Temple of the Sun. Between the legs of the women walking by, the dadaists imagine a monkey wrench and the surrealists a crystal cup. That's lost. We know how to read every promise in faces—the latest stage of morphology. The poetry of the billboards lasted twenty years. We are bored in the city, we really have to strain to still discover mysteries on the sidewalk billboards, the latest state of humor and poetry:

Shower-Bath of the Patriarchs
Meat Cutting Machines
Notre-Dame Zoo
Sports Pharmacy

Martyrs Provisions
Translucent Concrete
Golden Touch Sawmill
Center for Functional Recuperation
Sainte-Anne Ambulance
Café Fifth Avenue
Prolonged Volunteers Street
Family Boarding House in the Garden
Hotel of Strangers
Wild Street

And the swimming pool on the Street of Little Girls. And the police station on Rendezvous Street. The medical-surgical clinic and the free placement center on the Quais des Orfèvres. The artificial flowers on Sun Street. The Castle Cellars Hotel, the Ocean Bar and the Coming and Going Café. The Hotel of the Epoch.

And the strange statue of Dr. Philippe Pinel, benefactor of the insane, in the last evenings of summer. To explore Paris.

And you, forgotten, your memories ravaged by all the consternations of two hemispheres, stranded in the Red Cellars of Pali-Kao, without music and without geography, no longer setting out for the hacienda *where the roots think of the child and where the wine is finished off with fables from an old almanac*. Now that's finished. You'll never see the hacienda. It doesn't exist.

The hacienda must be built.

All cities are geological; you cannot take three steps without encountering ghosts bearing all the prestige of their legends. We move within a *closed* landscape whose landmarks constantly draw us toward the past. Certain *shifting* angles, certain *receding* perspectives, allow us to glimpse original conceptions of space, but this vision remains fragmentary. It must be sought in the magical locales of fairy tales and surrealist writings: castles, endless walls, little forgotten bars, mammoth caverns, casino mirrors.

These dated images retain a small catalyzing power, but it is almost impossible to use them in a *symbolic urbanism* without rejuvenating them by giving them a new meaning. Our im-

aginations, haunted by the old archetypes, have remained far behind the sophistication of the machines. The various attempts to integrate modern science into new myths remain inadequate. Meanwhile abstraction has invaded all the arts, contemporary architecture in particular. Pure plasticity, inanimate, storyless, soothes the eye. Elsewhere other fragmentary beauties can be found—while the promised land of syntheses continually recedes into the distance. Everyone wavers between the emotionally still-alive past and the already dead future.

We will not work to prolong the mechanical civilizations and rigid architecture that ultimately lead to boring leisure.

We propose to invent new, changeable decors. . . .

Darkness and obscurity are banished by artificial lighting, and the seasons by air conditioning; night and summer are losing their charm and dawn is disappearing. The man of the cities thinks he has escaped from cosmic reality, but there is no corresponding expansion of his dream life. The reason is clear: dreams spring from reality and are realized in it.

The latest technological developments would make possible the individual's unbroken contact with cosmic reality while eliminating its disagreeable aspects. Stars and rain can be seen through glass ceilings. The mobile house turns with the sun. Its sliding walls enable vegetation to invade life. Mounted on tracks, it can go down to the sea in the morning and return to the forest in the evening.

Architecture is the simplest means of articulating time and space, of modulating reality, of engendering dreams. It is a matter not only of plastic articulation and modulation expressing an ephemeral beauty, but of a modulation producing influences in accordance with the eternal spectrum of human desires and the progress in realizing them.

The architecture of tomorrow will be a means of modifying present conceptions of time and space. It will be a means of *knowledge* and a *means of action*.

The architectural complex will be modifiable. Its aspect will change totally or partially in accordance with the will of its

inhabitants. . . .

Past collectivities offered the masses an absolute truth and incontrovertible mythical exemplars. The appearance of the notion of *relativity* in the modern mind allows one to surmise the EXPERIMENTAL aspect of the next civilization (although I'm not satisfied with that word; say, more supple, more "fun"). On the basis of this mobile civilization, architecture will, at least initially, be a means of experimenting with a thousand ways of modifying life, with a view to a mythic synthesis.

A mental disease has swept the planet: banalization. Everyone is hypnotized by production and conveniences—sewage system, elevator, bathroom, washing machine.

This state of affairs, arising out of a struggle against poverty, has overshot its ultimate goal—the liberation of man from material cares—and become an obsessive image hanging over the present. Presented with the alternative of love or a garbage disposal unit, young people of all countries have chosen the garbage disposal unit. It has become essential to bring about a complete spiritual transformation by bringing to light forgotten desires and by creating entirely new ones. And by carrying out an *intensive propaganda* in favor of these desires.

We have already pointed out the need for constructing situations as being one of the fundamental desires on which the next civilization will be founded. This need for *absolute* creation has always been intimately associated with the need to *play* with architecture, time and space. . . .

This new vision of time and space, which will be the theoretical basis of future constructions, is still imprecise and will remain so until experimentation with patterns of behavior has taken place in cities specifically established for this purpose, cities assembling—in addition to the facilities necessary for a minimum of comfort and security—buildings charged with evocative power, symbolic edifices representing desires, forces, events past, present and to come. A rational extension of the old religious systems, of old tales, and above all of psychoanalysis, into architectural expression becomes more and more urgent as all the reasons for becoming

impassioned disappear.

Everyone will live in his own personal "cathedral," so to speak. There will be rooms more conducive to dreams than any drug, and houses where one cannot help but love. Others will be irresistibly alluring to travelers....

This project could be compared with the Chinese and Japanese gardens of illusory perspectives [*en trompe-l'oeil*]¹—with the difference that those gardens are not designed to be lived in all the time—or with the ridiculous labyrinth in the Jardin des Plantes, at the entry to which is written (height of absurdity, Ariadne unemployed): *Games are forbidden in the labyrinth*.

This city could be envisaged in the form of an arbitrary assemblage of castles, grottos, lakes, etc. It would be the baroque stage of urbanism considered as a means of knowledge. But this theoretical phase is already outdated. We know that a modern building could be constructed which would have no resemblance to a medieval castle but which could preserve and enhance the *Castle* poetic power (by the conservation of a strict minimum of lines, the transposition of certain others, the positioning of openings, the topographical location, etc.).

The districts of this city could correspond to the whole spectrum of diverse feelings that one encounters *by chance* in everyday life.

Bizarre Quarter—Happy Quarter (especially reserved for habitation)—Noble and Tragic Quarter (for good children)—Historical Quarter (museums, schools)—Useful Quarter (hospital, tool shops)—Sinister Quarter, etc. And an *Astrolaire* which would group plant species in accordance with the relations they manifest with the stellar rhythm, a planetary garden comparable to that which the astronomer Thomas wants to establish at Laaer Berg in Vienna. Indispensable for giving the inhabitants a consciousness of the cosmic. Perhaps also a Death Quarter, not for dying but so as to have somewhere to *live in peace*, and I think here of Mexico and of a principle of cruelty in innocence that appeals more to me every day.

The Sinister Quarter, for example, would be a good replacement for those hellholes that many peoples once possessed in their

capitals: they symbolized all the evil forces of life. The Sinister Quarter would have no need to harbor real dangers, such as traps, dungeons or mines. It would be difficult to get into, with a hideous decor (piercing whistles, alarm bells, sirens wailing intermittently, grotesque sculptures, power-driven mobiles, called *Auto-Mobiles*), and as poorly lit at night as it is blindingly lit during the day by an intensive use of reflection. At the center, the "Square of the Appalling Mobile." Saturation of the market with a product causes the product's market value to fall: thus, as they explored the Sinister Quarter, the child and the adult would learn not to fear the anguishing occasions of life, but to be amused by them.

The principal activity of the inhabitants will be the CONTINUOUS DÉRIVE. The changing of landscapes from one hour to the next will result in complete disorientation. . . .

Later, as the gestures inevitably grow stale, this *dérive* will partially leave the realm of direct experience for that of representation. . . .

The economic obstacles are only apparent. We know that the more a place is *set apart for free play*, the more it influences people's behavior and the greater is its force of attraction. This is demonstrated by the immense prestige of Monaco and Las Vegas—and Reno, that caricature of free love—although they are mere gambling places. Our first experimental city would live largely off tolerated and controlled tourism. Future avant-garde activities and productions would naturally tend to gravitate there. In a few years it would become the intellectual capital of the world and would be universally recognized as such.

CONCERNING NEW YEAR 1963

Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini

Ranting is almost synonymous with the Islamic revolution. It has been a great problem for the editors to find an *interesting* enough Moslem diatribe to include in this collection. As someone who endured many months of "Down With the Shah!" chants while working in a college newspaper office in the mid-70s, I can attest to the fact that what the Persian lacks in range and imagination he makes up for in sheer lamprey-like tenacity for his favored phrase. It is this fanatical sense of concentration and commitment to a quite limited program that frets Americans with their freedom of choice to buy whatever brands of cereal or pay-television channels they want.

The dry pronouncements of Khomeini were popularly published in America during the hostage crisis in an edition titled *Ayatollah Khomeini's Mein Kampf*. A laundry list of legal declarations, the book didn't pass muster next to the historical classic to which it was compared. The following excerpt was taken from the official English-language edition of *Echo of Islam* after the revolution. Khaddafy's *Green Book*, with an entire chapter devoted to horse shows and good sportsmanship, is by comparison sedate and stately.

I wonder what the Ayatollah would make of that new Western invention: a wristwatch that alerts good Moslems five times daily to pray to Mecca. Is Western technology in this case forgivable? [A. P.]

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I cannot express my heart's feelings. My heart is under pressure. From the day I heard about Iran's recent problems, my sleep has been diminished and I am not at ease; my heart is being pressured; with this heaviness on my heart, I am counting the days until death comes forward.

Iran no longer has any New Year holidays, they have turned her holidays into mourning and decorated everywhere with light bulbs, and then started dancing. They sold us; they sold our independence, and then decorated everywhere and celebrated again.

If I were them, I would forbid these decorations; I would order the installation of black banners on the top of the bazaars and houses, and raise the black flag.

Our grandeur has been trampled upon; the greatness of Iran has disappeared, they trampled upon the greatness of the Iranian Army.

They took a bill into the Majlis in which firstly they annexed us to the Vienna Treaty and secondly, they added to it: All U.S. military advisors, with their families, technical and administrative employees, their servants and whoever related to them are free to commit any crime in Iran.

If an American servant, or an American cook assassinates your religious authority (ruhaniyat) in the middle of the bazaar, or vanquishes him under his kicks, the Iranian police are not authorized to prevent him; Iranian courts don't have the authority to try him. The case should go to the U.S. to be settled there, by the masters.

The former government has approved this bill without telling anybody. Not long ago the present government took its approval to the Senate and in one session got it through, without anybody daring to breathe. A few days ago they took this approval to the Consulative Assembly, a few deputies brought up some opposition nevertheless they got through this problem, they finished it with the utmost impudence, the government advocated this disgraceful matter shamelessly; they put Iranians lower than American dogs! If someone hits an American dog he will be interrogated, but in the case of an American cook hitting the Shah of Iran, or the highest dignitary, no one has the right to protest.

They wanted to get a loan from the U.S. and the U.S. wanted this agreement fulfilled, so after a few days they asked for a 200 million dollar loan from the U.S.; it was agreed to be given to the Iranian government over five years, 300 million dollars to be paid back within ten years.

Do you understand what this means?

Two hundred million dollars to be lent to the Iranian government for military expenditures. In ten years 300 million dollars must be paid back. It means earning an interest of 100 million dollars from Iran in this transaction. Nevertheless, they sold Iran for these dollars; they sold our independence; they counted us among the colonized nations; they introduced the Muslim nation of Iran as more backward than barbarians to the world!

In a history book published this year which is being taught to our children some lies and falsified matters are mentioned: "Now it has been revealed that cutting the ruhaniyat's influence is beneficial to the well-being of this nation."

They understood very well that:

If it were up to the ruhaniyat's influence, this country wouldn't alternately be captive of England and the U.S.

If it were up to the ruhaniyat, Israel wouldn't take over our economy. Israeli products wouldn't be sold in Iran—and without tariff!

If it were up to the ruhaniyat, such a loan would not be imposed on the Iranian people.

If it were up to the ruhaniyat, girls and boys wouldn't wrestle each other—like happened recently in Shiraz.

If it were up to the ruhaniyat, virtuous girls wouldn't fall into young men's hands, women wouldn't work in young men's schools or vice-versa, spreading corruption.

If it were up to the ruhaniyat, this government would be punched in the mouth, the Majlis would be struck, the deputies would be thrown out.

Since we are a weak nation and don't have money should we be pounded under the boots of the U.S.? America is worse than England; England is worse than America; the Soviet Union is worse than both of them. One of them is worse than another, and all are dirtier than one another. But today we are dealing with the U.S. The president of the U.S. had better be aware that today he is one of the most hated persons in our nation. For he has so oppressed the Islamic nation that today the koran is his enemy, the Iranian nation is the enemy. . . .

BALL OF THE FREAKS **Anon.**

"Barnacle Balls the Sailor," the dirtiest song we ofay cats dug at my elementary school don't hold a punk candle to the catalogue of perversions signified in the classic brother rap, "Ball of the Freaks." This delightful little folk tale often serves as a black child's instruction in the delights of coprophagy, sodomy, voodoo, hoodoo, prostitution, pimping, murder, intravenous drug use and necrophilia. According to Dennis Wepmen, author of *The Life: The Lore and Folk Poetry of the Black Hustler* (University of Pennsylvania Press, 1976), the "Ball of the Freaks" toast is seldom recited after adolescence. [A. P.]

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A cold misty rain fell on Spokane,
The red light city of the Coast,
Where the whores get high on cocaine
And stand on the corners and boast

About pimps and chumps from back-alley dumps
That made their rise to fame
And the parties they threw, which were quite a few,
In the life they call the Game.

Old Fast-Fucking Fannie told Cripple-Tongue Annie,
"Mama, let's give a session tonight."
She spoke of a gig that would last for weeks,
And that's how it came about, the Ball of the Freaks.

Thbey invited red-headed Flo, a notorious whore,
And a bitch named Light-Fingered Peggy Malone,
Whose face was scarred, and her cunt was marred,
And her fingers calloused to the bone.

They imported Shit-Eating Willy from up in North Philly
And another whore named Grace.
Grace was a sadist, one of the maddest,
Who'd freak off in the good Lord's face.

There was a jasper named Nora and a bitch named Dora,

But the nastiest slut of them all
 Was a tramp named Roberta, and disease couldn't hurt her,
 So they crowned her Queen of the Ball.

There was a crowd in the kitchen, a mob in the hall,
 A short-arm inspection by the shithouse wall.
 Long-Shoe Sam and Cocaine Smitty
 Brought a bunch of faggots from New York City.

They had fancy trimmings and ball-twisting women
 And homos that died for dicks,
 Cocksuckers by the dozens, motherfuckers and their cousins,
 Porkchop- and peppermint-flavored pricks.

There was Fart-Smelling Rosie, acting kind of nosy,
 Sniffing real hard for some gas;
 Towel-Slinging Kelly, whose ass looked like jelly
 From being popped so much in the past.

When someone farted, Rosie shouted,
 "Leave it alone, it's mine!"
 And off she went to pick up the scent
 With her nose up some freak's behind.

There was Graveyard Monk, who sucked dead cunt
 And had once been buried in a grave.
 He had a whore he'd dug up a month ago
 Whose flesh was nine years decayed.

"Hot damn!" cried the faggots as they dug the maggots
 Crawling out that bitch's hips,
 But old Monk only pressed the corpse to his chest
 And sucked some worms from her tits.

Now while the nymphos were looking for something to do,
 In walked three dudes all dressed in blue:
 Wolf Man, Dracula, and Hunchback too.

Hunch went to the corner, 'cause he knew his place;
 He was a freak for having something shit in his face.

Old Wolf Man hung like a whore with a kitchen clothesline

While Dracula sucked blood from a homo's spine.
Then in the doorway stepped Frankenstein.

He said, "I'm raggedy and I'm down,
Wasn't invited but I came around.
Lord, I'm so happy I could jump, shit and shout.
Now let's see one you bad-breath motherfuckers put me out."

He grabbed a one-eye bitch with the seven-year itch
And threw her toes to the ceiling
The action was like flash, her cunt was a gash,
And her brown-eye lost all feeling.

"Franky, Franky," she cried as she almost died,
"Franky, please have a heart.
My ass is torn, my cunt is worn—
You're ripping my insides apart."

But old Franky only laughed, 'cause he was coming at last,
And his swipe swole twice its size.
His rich hot come made the bitch's body numb,
And the whore went blind in both eyes.

She moaned and she farted and shit on the floor
And the wind from her asshole blew the knob off the door.

That's when that bitch Nell let out a big yell
And shitted all over the bed.
In the dining room Willy copped a spoon
And a half a loaf of bread.

While in the kitchen, Willy spied the Hunch
Sucking the innards out of a dead whore's cunt.

The air was rancid and full of come.
Only a man could stand it in an iron lung.

The shit was so thick it made Dracula sick.
Three snorts of that air made vet junkies kick.

It made some drunk and unable to walk.
One whore was eating pig pussy and calling it pork.

They had fried shit choplets and hot funk custard,
 Drank spit out of cocktail glasses and used afterbirth for mustard.

They ate hot farts cut into four parts,
 Maggot pies sprinkled with guebe dust,
 Dipped in piss and soaked with pus.

Boiled dicks, fried dicks, dicks without bones,
 Slimy potato salad which no one left alone.

Along about ten, three weeks from then,

The ball came to an end.

But they sucked and farted, fucked and parted,

Like true freaks to the bitter end.

THERE IS A GREAT DEAL TO BE SILENT ABOUT **Emmett Grogan**

The subtitle of Emmett Grogan's memoir *Ringolevio* is "A Life Played for Keeps." If he shirked work it was only to play that much harder. Grogan was a critic of the hippie scene precisely because he was an impassioned but *intelligent* participant in it. His Digger tracts discern and decry the yuppies who were there *from day one* of the Summer of Love. Better than most he saw what the hippie movement should have meant. He cried out (more eloquently than most) for a healing, revealing immediacy of experience—but without the mystical mummary which became New Ageism. He'd blanket Haight-Ashbury with a thousand mimeo posters clandestinely produced on the SDS machine which (he explains) "were an attempt to antagonize the street people into an awareness of the absolute bullshit implicit in the psychedelic transcendentalism promoted by the self-proclaimed, media-fabricated shamans who espoused the tune-in, turn-on, drop-out ideology of Leary and Alpert." Which shows that, sentimentalist that he was *not*, Grogan *cared* about the Flower Power flotsam he undertook to feed.

That was the other aspect of the Diggers (like most effective activist organizations, a bonus one, at first nothing but Grogan and an accomplice). He set up a free food kitchen, stealing some of the equipment and guilting the food out of restaurateurs and the like. A fellow member of the San Francisco Mime Troupe lent Grogan the Digger tag and he took the ball (out of play for 300 years) and ran with it. For awhile the Diggers effectuated some communism and anarchism, an accomplishment which has not so much eluded contemporary communists and anarchists as never occurred to them to try.

Grogan complains—does he ever!—but with dignity, whereas most hippies only whined. He got things done but kept his distance from the distraction of frantic issues-activism ("If it's Tuesday, this must be Nicaragua"). He realized and supressed the part he (in his own word) played. That's why, twenty years later, this rant *isn't* played, unlike so many others. [B. B.]

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Contemporary history is a money conspiracy—the key to the Atom. The facade of present seeming normalcy shows signs of

weathering. Each day the cement crumbles a little more and the consequence is an increasing self-division. Portents of chaos everywhere as we grow aware of our own nakedness and impotence. Time is shrinking into itself; only the present seems to hold possibility. We are no longer the heroes of history.

Long-term goals and institutions have lost their relevance. Work is time spent in thrall. *Now* is an accumulation of ends with all goals immediate. Children are tearing away the false front of dignity and status. They are entering existence knowing that today is the first day in the rest of their lives. They want an authentic identity. A new barbarian race flashing on pagan energy, searching for rituals and tribal touch. As they fly from banality and approach the essence of horror.

New determination to pursue experience to its farthest limits. Mad exuberance and hunger for sensation are a constant goad. A demonic circle. A response to existence in last century, at the bottom of personality looking up. Efforts not wasted in games which kill time, deaden awareness and brutalize feeling. Masks thrown off and one enters the inescapable truth and squalor of own being. Beyond the reach of compulsion. *Beyond the possibility of defeat.* Ideology of failure.

Flow with real tides of existence which reach into an underground beyond guise, hate, or love. All contacts immediate and intense. All real things are to be faced in all moments of agony and joy. Everything else is a deception. Politics is an arena where words are juggled in a gigantic hoax. Sharpen senses to continue and improve dialogue with existence. Meaning only found beyond experience. Basic impulse always religious, a cold light on our own incompleteness. Like a debauched child's face.

from SCUM MANIFESTO

Valerie Solanas

On June 3, 1968, Valerie Solanas accomplished the first major act of her then one-woman organization, Society for Cutting Up Men, and gunned down master manipulator Andy Warhol—who had filmed her in *I, A Man*—in his own Factory. Due to the instant notoriety, Olympia Press's Maurice Girodias found it worthwhile to publish Solanas's directive for the new Female Order. It took a while, but the book inspired new conclaves of SCUMmers, couple-busters, Dykes on Bikes and other genocidal man-haters while their Queen spun her hot wheels in a New York State Institution for the criminally insane. Pirated editions continue to appear Stateside and in England, delighting new generations of Sapphic terrorists with this unequaled tirade against testosterone.

Valerie Solanas is also the author of the as-yet-unproduced play, *Up Your Ass*, and is reputed to be bumming quarters on Manhattan's lower Second Avenue. [A. P.]

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S CUM is too impatient to hope and wait for the debrain-washing of millions of assholes. Why should the swinging females continue to plod dismally along with the dull male ones? Why should the fates of the groovy and the creepy be intertwined? Why should the active and imaginative consult the passive and dull on social policy? Why should the independent be confined to the sewer along with the dependent who need Daddy to cling to?

A small handful of SCUM can take over the country within a year by systematically fucking up the system, selectively destroying property and murder:

SCUM will become members of the unwork force, the fuck-up force; they will get jobs of various kinds and unwork. For example, SCUM salesgirls will not charge for merchandise; SCUM telephone operators will not charge for calls; SCUM office and factory workers, in addition to fucking up their work, will secretly destroy equipment. SCUM will unwork at a job until fired, then get a new

job to unwork at.

SCUM will forcibly relieve bus drivers, cab drivers and subway token sellers of their jobs and run buses and cabs and dispense free tokens to the public.

SCUM will destroy all useless and harmful objects—cars, store windows, “Great Art,” etc.

Eventually, SCUM will take over the airwaves—radio and TV networks—by forcibly relieving of their jobs all radio and TV employees who would impede SCUM’s entry into the broadcasting studios.

SCUM will couple-bust—barge into mixed (male-female) couples, wherever they are, and bust them up.

SCUM will kill all men who are not in the Men’s Auxiliary of SCUM. Men in the Men’s Auxiliary are those men who are working diligently to eliminate themselves, men who, regardless of their motives, do good, men who are playing ball with SCUM. A few examples of the men in the Men’s Auxiliary are: men who kill men; biological scientists who are working on constructive programs, as opposed to biological warfare; journalists, writers, editors, publishers and producers who disseminate and promote ideas that will lead to the achievement of SCUM’s goals; faggots, who by their shimmering, flaming example encourage other men to de-man themselves, and thereby make themselves relatively inoffensive; men who consistently give things away—money, things, services; men who tell it like it is (so far not one ever has), who put women straight, who reveal the truth about themselves, who give the mindless male females correct sentences to parrot, who tell them a woman’s primary goal in life should be to squash the male sex (to aid men in this endeavor SCUM will conduct Turd Sessions, at which every male present will give a speech beginning with the sentence: “I am a turd, a lowly, abject turd,” then proceed to list all the ways in which he is. His reward for so doing will be the opportunity to fraternize after the session for a whole, solid hour with the SCUM who will be present. Nice, clean-living male women will be invited to the sessions to help clarify any doubts and misunderstandings they may have about the male sex); makers

and promoters of sex books and movies, etc., who are hastening the day when all that will be shown on the screen will be Suck and Fuck (males, like the rats following the Pied Piper, will be lured by Pussy to their doom, will be overcome and submerged by and will eventually drown in the passive flesh that they are); drug pushers and advocates, who are hastening the dropping out of men.

SCUM will keep on destroying, looting, fucking-up and killing until the money/work system no longer exists and automation is completely instituted or until enough women co-operate with SCUM to make violence unnecessary to achieve these goals, that is, until enough women either unwork or quit work, start looting, leave men and refuse to obey all laws inappropriate to a truly civilized society. Many women will fall into line, but many others, who surrendered long ago to the enemy, who are so adapted to animalism, to maleness, that they like restrictions and restraints, don't know what to do with freedom, will continue to be toadies and doormats, just as peasants in rice paddies remain peasants in rice paddies as one regime topples another. A few of the more volatile will whimper and sulk and throw their toys and dishrags on the floor, but SCUM will continue to steamroller over them.

Prior to the institution of automation, to the replacement of males by machines, the male should be of use to the female, wait on her, cater to her slightest whim, obey her every command, be totally subservient to her, exist in perfect obedience to her will, as opposed to the completely warped, degenerate situation we have now of men, not only existing at all, cluttering up the world with their ignominious presence, but being pandered to and groveled before by the mass of females, millions of women piously worshipping the Golden Calf, the dog leading the master on the leash, when in fact the male, short of being a drag queen, is least miserable when abjectly prostrate before the female, a complete slave. Rational men want to be squashed, stepped on, crushed and crunched, treated as the curs, the filth that they are, have their repulsiveness confirmed.

The sick, irrational men, those who attempt to defend themselves against their disgustingness, when they see SCUM barreling

down on them, will cling in terror to Big Mama with her Big Bouncy Boobies, but Boobies won't protect them against SCUM; Big Mama will be clinging to Big Daddy, who will be in the corner shitting in his forceful, dynamic pants. Men who are rational, however, won't kick or struggle or raise a distressing fuss, but will just sit back, relax, enjoy the show and ride the waves to their demise.

PLEA FOR COURAGE

Mel Lyman

That Mel Lyman was the most ridiculous man alive does not contradict the fact that He is God. It kinda proves it, in a way. Who else but God could have written endless breathless poems about His diseased bowel movements and make it sound as sweet and fresh as His lovesickness for neurotic Brandeis girls?

A few great enigmas surround Mel like halos of nitrous oxide. One: who the hell is He? Two: what did He do? Three: who could possibly follow such a person (God)?

Mel incarnated into this planet, He maintains, to save it from devolving into a terminally low vibratory rate. Around Mel flocked the disaffected and the Mel-happy. The Lyman Family formed in the mid-60s, and rich daughters—including Thomas Hart Benton's—donated trust funds, cars and oil paintings. The Lyman credo can be confusedly adduced from Mel's *Autobiography of a World Savior, Mirror at the End of the Road* and the Lyman Family magazine, *American Avatar*. Documenting the Lyman soul experience, Mel's evocative harp-playing of coon songs and other charming aspects of American folklore can be heard in his recordings with the Jim Kveskin Jug Band and Lisa Kindred.

Not much has been written about the Lyman Family phenomenon, outside an odd magazine article or two and the unflattering estimate in David Felton's *Mindfuckers: A Source Book of Acid Fascism* (Straight Arrow Books, 1972). Though Mel Lyman left this planet in April 1978 at the age of 39, the Lyman Family is still alive and well and publishing a particularly strange and "cosmic" magazine titled *U and I*. [A. P.]

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We should be entering the new world, all the preparations have been made, it has all been written about and everybody wants it, it is so easy to imagine. A world where everybody loves each other and all motion is towards harmony and there is no more war or hate or fear and everybody is together all the time. It is very easy to imagine.

Yet here we sit in a grey and tumbling world out of place and bursting with song! What happened? We all saw it on LSD. A new

consciousness was definitely born. Are we just experiencing the long dry waiting period? Why haven't things changed very much? Nixon is still a stale turd atop the most ridiculous decaying government that ever pretended to lead anything more than a procession of baboons to the slaughter since man first realized he needed order to survive. The Vietnam war goes on and on and on. Hair gets longer, music gets louder, dope gets stronger, people get sillier, life goes on and on and on. Perhaps we didn't want ENOUGH. Perhaps we have settled for too LITTLE. Perhaps what we REALLY wanted had nothing to do with everything we THOUGHT we wanted. Perhaps the new world hasn't really even BEGUN yet!

And it hasn't. We're still mired in the death and decay of the OLD one. We're still looking to the new one for something we didn't get out of the old one, we're trying to make a new deal for old goods, we're not READY to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

But why do I even bother to tell you all this at all, no one ever listens to me, you're all too full of dope and pride and ideas and yourselves to know what's even good for you anymore. You will read this piece and go away completely unchanged, probably even a little MORE smug than you already are. I really hate you bastards cause you're killing me, you're stinking up the whole world with your filthy hair and dirty clothes and empty slogans and phony smiles and false achievements and long lost glory. It's over, man. You didn't make it. Why don't you kill yourself?

It used to be: "graduate from high school, go to college." Now it's: "graduate from high school, go to heaven." Nothing is sacred anymore, everything is cheap, including sex, love, religion and honest accomplishment. We have lost respect, we have no values, all things are equally worthless. I don't know what to do about this mess we're in, there are no answers, most people think everything's just fine. The few who know our deepest needs are still unfulfilled are regarded with great suspicion and contempt for not allowing people to "do their own thing." I don't want you to do your own thing, I want you to do MY thing, WAKE UP!

It's incredible! A whole generation of people who grew up with

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO! There is nowhere to go and nothing to do. Education is a farce. Marriage and good jobs and a secure future fill no real need. It is all over before we have even **BEGUN**. The world is going to **FILL UP WITH TRANSIENTS!** And then what? A whole generation of people who grew up in a world they can't live in. It's **AMAZING!** So what do they do, they try to **DIE** in it. And what **SHOULD** they do? They should try and make it fit to **LIVE** in!

The injustice and decay that you are going to have to fight if you are to stay alive would stagger your imagination if you were only aware of it. The whole world is against you, it only wants to die in peace and it will do anything to keep from living, and it will kill you, if you're not already dead. It has seduced you into believing there is a purpose to all this suicide, a condemned and dying culture is trying to take you with it, **AND YOU'RE FALLING FOR IT!** We were talked out of a Revolution, and even the blacks succumbed, they took the good jobs and college diplomas and laid down their arms, **AND THEIR HEARTS**. You have sold your souls at a mean price, you have been **ACCEPTED!** And so now we have a whole race of dying hippies and dying blacks, the Revolution has been safely put out and the world can settle back into dying peacefully again. Even our "free press" has fallen into the hands of the living dead. You would be surprised if you really knew who's running things, the same old dollar, **AND NOTHING ELSE!** The same dollar that we set out to stamp out has stamped **US** out and we never even realized it, we lost the war in the first battle and the victors have been kind enough to let us live on reservations with plenty of dope to keep us pacified. There is no hope without organization, the world is dying and we must get together and fight this creeping decay. And it's everywhere, **EVEN IN YOU!!!**

But it won't do us any good to march on the Capitol, and it won't do us any good to try and stop the war in Vietnam, that's **THEIR WAR**, ours is here at home. We've got to stop fighting each other and fight the common enemy. We've got to get all these little communities that are forming all over the country into one **BIG COMMUNITY**. We've got to stop filling up the woods and streets

looking for dope and love and get to know each other and start helping each other and start keeping each other awake and stop letting ourselves off so easy and stop thinking we're right and we don't have to do anything about it but just love everybody, we DO have to do something about it, we've got to FIGHT FOR OUR LIVES. Get together with your friends, pool your resources, make some money, buy a house, take on some responsibilities, learn to FIGHT for what you believe in, stop doping yourselves up, stop looking for a Utopia, look around you with clear eyes and make some clear decisions, THE ENEMY IS WITHIN! We have to start a new life here, we cannot live in this dying structure, it will kill us, it has already killed itself. Our only weapon is inner strength, a small group of people with a great deal of determination can transform the world, be the NEW Christians, fight for your life, fight for love, fight for a new world, fight for room to breathe, the Heart of God is a vast darkness that only the brave can know, this is a plea for courage, WE MUST GET TOGETHER AND FIGHT THIS CREEPING DECAY!

P. O. W. STATEMENT

Timothy Leary

Believe it or not, the fiery communique printed below hails from the same Timothy Leary who now performs a tepid stand-up comic routine at yuppie supper clubs. The Harvard/CIA drone-turned-psychedelic plenipotentiary (remember his famous boast to *Playboy* that you can make your woman cum a thousand times if she's blazing on microdot?) once cut quite an amusing profile as a pinko revolutionary. Here he rants as soul brother #1 to Huey and Angela, urging his addle-headed cult of dopers to perform the "sacred act" of killing a cop. Funny how super-bad Timmy flipped his capped teeth while hiding out in Algeria, when Brother Cleaver did his Bwana King number on Leary's lily-white ass. After that episode, leisure suits, cocaine, quaaludes, and partying with low-grade Hollywood flotsam didn't appear too dull a destiny. [A. P.]

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The following statement was written in the POW camp and carried over the wall (in full sight of two gun trucks). I offer loving gratitude to my Sisters and Brothers in the Weatherman Underground who designed and executed the liberation. Rosemary and I are now with the Underground and we'll continue to stay high and wage the revolutionary war.

There is the time for peace and the time for war.

There is the day of laughing Krishna and the day of Grim Shiva.

Brothers and Sisters, at this time let us have no more talk of peace.

The conflict which we have sought to avoid is upon us. A world-wide ecological religious warfare. Life vs. death.

Listen. It is a comfortable, self-indulgent cop-out to look for conventional economic-political solutions.

Brothers and Sisters, this is a war for survival. Ask Huey and Angela. They dig it.

Ask the wild free animals. They know it.

Ask the turned-on ecologists. They sadly admit it.

I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired

robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order.

Listen. There is no choice left but to defend life by all and every means possible against the genocidal machine.

Listen. There are no neutrals in genetic war. There are no non-combatants at Buchenwald, My Lai or Soledad.

You are part of the death apparatus or you belong to the network of free life.

Do not be deceived. It is a classic strategem of genocide to camouflage their wars as law and order police actions.

Remember the Sioux and the German Jews and the black slaves and the marijuana pogroms and the pious TWA indignation over airline hijackings!

If you fail to see that we are the victims-defendants of genocidal war you will not understand the rage of the blacks, the fierceness of the browns, the holy fanaticism of the Palestinians, the righteous mania of the Weathermen, and the pervasive resentment of the young.

Listen Americans. Your government is an instrument of totally lethal evil.

Remember the buffalo and the Iroquois!

Remember Kennedy, King, Malcolm, Lenny!

Listen. There is no compromise with a machine. You cannot talk peace and love to a humanoid robot whose every Federal Bureaucratic impulse is soulless, heartless, lifeless, loveless.

In this life struggle we use the ancient holy strategies of organic life:

1) Resist lovingly in the loyalty of underground sisterhoods and brotherhoods.

2) Resist passively, break lock-step . . . drop out.

3) Resist actively, sabotage, jam the computer . . . hijack planes . . . trash every lethal machine in the land.

4) Resist publicly, announce life . . . denounce death.

5) Resist privately, guerrilla invisibility.

6) Resist beautifully, create organic art, music.

7) Resist biologically, be healthy . . . erotic . . . conspire with seed . . . breed.

8) Resist spiritually, stay high . . . praise god . . . love life . . . blow the mechanical mind with Holy Acid . . . dose them . . . dose them.

9) Resist physically, robot agents who threaten life must be disarmed, disabled, disconnected by force . . . Arm yourself and shoot to live . . . Life is never violent. To shoot a genocidal robot policeman in the defense of life is a sacred act.

Listen Nixon. We were never that naive. We knew that flowers in your gun-barrels were risky. We too remember Munich and Auschwitz all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in the gentle sign of peace.

We begged you to live and let live, to love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your soul.

For the last seven months, I, a free, wild man, have been locked in POW camps. No living creature can survive in a cage. In my flight to freedom I leave behind a million brothers and sisters in the POW prisons of Quentin, Soledad, Con Thien . . .

Listen comrades. The liberation war has just begun. Resist, endure, do not collaborate. Strike. You will be free.

Listen you brothers of the imprisoned. Break them out! If David Harris has ten friends in the world, I say to you, get off your pious, non-violent asses and break him out.

There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of war.

Right on Leila Khaled!

Listen, the hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life. Freedom will live.

(signed) Timothy Leary

WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or my freedom.

ON FEAR

The Process Church

Processians were the ominous, black-robed figures with swastika-like amulets who in the late 1960s circulated their propaganda in large metropolitan centers in the Western world. Their literature promoted the worship of a four-tiered diety, Jehovah-Christ-Satan-Lucifer. Each Processian would worship to their particular godhead according to taste. Whether this was a method of attracting the largest number of adherents in those dippy *Godspell*, *Jesus Christ Superstar* days or simply a ruse to sneak Satan worship through the back door, is difficult to say.

The photogenically Christ-like Robert de Grimston, former Scientological "clear" and theological expert, wrote most of the Processian texts, which were at their most potent when embracing Satanic social darwinism in such classics as the notorious "Fear" and "Death" magazines, and in the pamphlet, "Satan on War." This statement on fear printed below appeared in the "Fear" magazine. Oddly enough, it was reprinted by the group Funkadelic in the liner notes of their "Maggot Brain" album.

It is ironic to note that The Process Church of the Final Judgment has just been dragged into the news again as the butt of hysterical hypotheses in several mass-market books that say The Process is responsible for an international series of cultic murders. William Sims Bainbridge's *Satan's Power*, the best and most balanced account of The Process, ends with an account of the pathetic disintegration of the cult in a rooming house in Boston. It is apparent, from Bainbridge's book, that the Process in its final days hadn't even power enough to tie-off their arms and administer themselves lethal doses of a cheap narcotic. [A. P.]

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Fear is at the root of man's destruction of himself. Without Fear there is no blame. Without blame there is no conflict. Without conflict there is no destruction.

But there IS Fear: deep within the core of every human being it lurks like a monster, dark and intangible. Its outward effects are unmistakeable. Its source is hidden.

It can be seen on one level in furtive embarrassment, argumenta-

tive protest, social veneer and miserable isolation. It can be seen on another level in the mammoth build-up of war machines in every corner of the world. It can be seen in the fantasy world of escapism known as entertainment. It can be seen in riot-torn streets and campuses. It can be seen in the squalor of ghettos and the pretentious elegance of "civilized" society. It can be seen in the desperate ratrace of commerce and industry, the sensational slanderings of the press, the constant back-biting of the political arena, and the lost world of the helpless junkie who has passed beyond the point of no return.

The tight-lipped suppression of the rigid moralist reflects it, as does the violent protest of the anarchist. But more starkly and tragically than anywhere else, it manifests in the pale grey shadow of the ordinary person, whose fear clamps down on all his instincts and traps him in the narrow confines of the socially accepted norm. Afraid either to step down into the darkness of his lower self or to rise up into the light of his higher self, he hangs suspended in between, stultified into an alien pattern of nothingness.

But to a greater or lesser degree, and manifesting one way or another, all human beings are afraid. And some of us are so afraid that we dare not show our fear. Sometimes we dare not even know our fear. For Fear itself is a terrifying concept to behold.

We may confess to being afraid of violence and pain, and even ghosts; and with such obvious terrors, pigeonhole our fear to our own satisfaction. But fear of people, fear of ourselves, fear of failure, fear of loss, fear of our closest friends, fear of isolation, fear of contact, fear of loneliness, fear of involvement, fear of rejection, fear of commitment, fear of sickness, fear of deprivation, fear of intensity, fear of inadequacy, fear of emotion, fear of GOD, fear of knowledge, fear of death, fear of responsibility, fear of sin, fear of virtue, fear of guilt, fear of punishment, fear of damnation, fear of the consequences of our actions, and fear of our own fear? How many of us recognize the presence in ourselves of these?

And if some of us recognize some of them, are we prepared to see the full extent of them? Do we know just how afraid we are? And do we know the effect that our fear has on our lives? Do we

know how completely we are governed by our fear?

And do we know that the world is governed by the sum total of every human being's fear, and ours is not excluded?

And do we know that wars and rumors of wars mount up in an ascending spiral of violence and potential violence, as the fear in the hearts of men intensifies? Do we know that strife of every kind increases as hatred, resentment, jealousy and prejudice increase, and that all these stem from one thing only: Fear?

And do we know that one thing only ensures the escalation of the spiral of violence and destruction: our own unwillingness to recognize the full extent of our fear and its effects—our fear of Fear?

For each and every one of us, as long as he is afraid, and unwilling to see with full clarity his fear for what it is, contributes to the crippling conflict that has become the hallmark of this world of ours. And as long as there IS fear, together with unwillingness to see it clearly and completely, as long as human beings are afraid and also fail to recognize the fact in their need to isolate themselves, in their outbursts of anger and irritation, in their embarrassment, in their sense of failure, in their feelings of resentment and frustration, in their desire for revenge, in their guilt, in their confusion, in their uncertainty, in their disappointment, in their anxiety about the future and their wish to forget the past, in their need to blame others and justify themselves, in their sense of helplessness and despair, in their revulsion and disgust, in their need to be vicious and spiteful, in their lack of confidence, in their tendency to boast and protest their superiority, in their failure to respond, in their sense of inadequacy, in their feelings of envy, in their futility, in their misery and in their scorn; as long as human beings fail to see THEIR fear reflected in these and a hundred other manifestations of Fear, then they will fail to see their part in the relentless tide of hatred and violence, destruction and devastation, that sweeps the earth. And the tide will not ebb until all is destroyed.

OCCUPY THE BRAIN!

Carsten Regild & Rolf Börjlind

As exuberant as it is bellicose, this Swedish broadside went a-viking in the 1970s and made a landfall at some Vinlandish art magazine. The copy a friend sent me lay fallow for several years until I was ready for it. When I started out as a ranter and posterist in 1977 I circulated the text along with my own. As we have turned up nothing on the authors, their tract will have to speak for itself. It would seem to be at no loss for words. [B. B.]

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individual revolution
breeds
revolutionary individuals.

Dear friends the world over,
the time is ripe again. Progress has taken a turn for the worse, the boomerang has returned. The external work has now caught up with its embezzled formulations, the workmen laying tiles have met on the ridge of the roof, nose to nose. The time is ripe again. Life is making fresh, constructive demands.

As free passengers on the welfare-camouflaged flagship Sweden, we have a distressing insight into industrialized Man's successive, emotional coagulation. We have a close range view of his dreary goosetstep towards individual annihilation and humiliation submission, we see the mental claustrophobia burning in his wild, yellow and blue eyes, we feel the cold winds of solitude sweeping across the country.

We see how these biological tragedies stare into their human devaluation with an expression of deaf-and-dumb admiration—the master has tossed them a nice piece of meat this year and the whip has been transformed into a magic wand. We see static Man being tamed in herds via seductive folk-movements and hypothetical security, and at nights we hear the echoes of his suicides—human communion is a dead dream.

Static Man is a depressing example of the insanity of our world.

A helpless victim of a cruel and carefully-planned stamping, punched into him at a defenseless age and ever afterwards ensuring lifelong inhibition. A stamping which is calculated to destroy his vital self-confidence through one-eyed, centrally-dictated educational system—the vision of knowledge as a path to human liberation and individual self-realization, constantly abused. Respect for the individual's opportunities and resources is wrecked by economic cynicism and ideological corruption.

The subconsciously rooted powers of perception, the genuine sensitivity and untarnished clarity which is the child's unique and irreplaceable capital, is plundered ruthlessly. Self-realization is replaced by neurotic, competitive hysteria and degrading career-ideals. This is the Golden Age for social climbers and ass-lickers. It is the victory of the neutrals to the detriment of the sensitive.

There are individuals who have the courage, the strength and the enormity to try to save themselves and their respect for life; there are individuals who try to act unmanipulated, who try to put themselves at stake for the benefit of others; there are individuals who believe in people; individuals who are quickly muzzled and isolated by sophisticated methods: the pigs control the instruments of disarmament via repressive castration and totalitarian violence—the culture house and the mental hospital, in democracies just as in dictatorships, are well-known historical symbols for a carefully-calculated disarming of potential revolutionaries.

Humanity pays a high price for its mental disablement and creative stagnation: the deficit of expansive, productive people is made up by thoroughly degenerative copies, impotent fawners, dressed-up apes for whom only evil is good enough—human progress is a slow trip across the glaciers' violence towards a demented twilight.

Dear friends the world over,
in the struggle against economic destruction and ideological impoverishment there is only one efficient weapon; in the struggle against human parodies, biological mass-production, emotional handicaps and social transplantation there is only one efficient weapon: the power of ruthless and liberated creativity, with its in-

herent visionary dynamism and humanitarian energy—ecstatic love is, when all is said and done, better than no love at all!

Liberated creativity must infiltrate the progress of society at the basic research level. Must channel its energy over the entire base. Must penetrate production and alter the products. Liberated creativity must adapt the vital opportunities afforded by hazard—hazard is not really hazard, but a consequence of calculated illogic!

Liberated creativity must learn the new instruments in order to explode the old targets. Must make technology visionary, and not the vision technical. Must tear the microscope from the researcher's eye and seize all subsidies and all theories. It is vital to make language from data, not data from language—the future belongs to those who conquer it!

In the struggle for the realization of the individual revolution every person must keep the square round and keep sobriety at a distance. There are no people who know more than others. There are no people who are before their time, but many who are after—and time is not for sale!

The struggle must be waged unbesmirched by academic rot and fawning state-culture. Creative power is not some cultural tart in the bed of Might, not some decorative whoredom. All reproduction is reactionary, a retarding element to its movement. What creative power contains is called communication—creative power's form is called distribution (the media creates the form). Remember that news is merchandise and the moonstone merely a standard of currency!

The struggle against the interior and exterior cultural catastrophe requires global, non-parliamentary communication. Economical and ideological communication will cease to be repressed when each person becomes a chain-letter and the night is criss-crossed with telepathic communication. In the struggle against the capital-controlled, pornographic politics (which lives on its own intrinsic value), and the sponging religious filth (which lives on its masochistic inhumanity) must every person dissociate himself from every other person—the myth of international solidarity is dead. God is a ghost!

Dear friends the world over,
in the struggle for the realization of the individual revolution the
guerrillas are being led by wolves:
OCCUPY THE BRAIN!

from NEVER AGAIN! **Rabbi Meir Kahane**

In Israel there is the cult of the *rebbe*, in which Jewish children trade and collect cards of bearded, bespectacled rabbis like American kids and their baseball players. Meir Kahane could be called the Billy Martin of the rabbi superstar set, with one major difference. Martin hasn't yet deployed bombs in the opposing team's dugout and then proceeded to torture and kill that stadium's fans.

Kahane's *Uncomfortable Questions for Comfortable Jews*, his most recent book, demonstrates how Jews won't be safe until they drive the scumsucking subhuman towel-heads into the sea. As founder of the Jewish Defense League (according to the FBI the "most active terrorist group operating within the U.S."), Kahane has breathed new life into the dormant artform of the letter-bomb. Number one priority: prevent Jewish interbreeding with their inferiors. Brooklyn-born Kahane has just relinquished his American citizenship so that he could retain his seat in the Israeli Knesset. [A. P.]

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Jewish iron, Jewish steel—this is the concept of *Barzel*. It implies a toughness in dealing with those who would harm or destroy the Jew. It means offering an open hand in peace and, if rejected, substituting for it an iron fist in defense of Jewish interests. It means saying that the Jew is prepared to be talked to man to man or pig to pig but—never again—man to pig. It means understanding that degrading the Jewish people is but the first step leading to attempts to wipe them out.

We dare not allow the Jewish name and Jewish honor to be degraded and humiliated, for such a thing is but the first step in the ultimate plan of physical assault. Humiliation tears the spirit and the will to fight from a people and encourages the enemy to look upon the Jew without fear but with only contempt. This is what drove David to anger when he heard the giant Goliath mocking and degrading Jewish honor. Furiously David asked: "Who is this uncircumsized Philistine that he humiliates the ranks of the people of the living G-d?"

SITUATIONIST LIBERATION FRONT

The Paris-based Situationist International (1957-1972), a small avant-garde political group, produced arguably the most far-reaching social critique of the 1960s. The French general strike of May 1968, on which they placed their stamp, rather substantiated their theses that late capitalism, instead of generalizing prosperity, had modernized poverty and raised the standard of boredom.

We cannot do justice to the situationists (the reader is referred to Ken Knabb's *Situationist International Anthology*, to Guy Debord's *Society of the Spectacle*, and to Raoul Vaneigem's *Revolution of Everyday Life*). Instead, we do them an injustice by publishing a not especially subtle parody, "Situationist Liberation Front," which evidently emanates from the San Francisco Bay Area milieu in which situationist epigones backbit in the early and mid-1970s. [B. B.]

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SITUATIONIST LIBERATION FRONT

"Parlez vous français?" — G-E. Debord

The Situationese are an oppressed minority of intellectuals, shop-lifters, publishers, students and even workers.

Every day we find increasing resistance to the free practice of our native situationist cultural heritage. We must be allowed to practice the role which comes to us naturally—that of a radical jade and ardent esoteric.

Situationism is being attacked from precisely two sides—those who wish to ignore us, and those who wish to shoot us. Both stem from the failure to comprehend the need for an ideological supersession of ideology. The ignoring of situationists proceeds from a defecatory reification; the shooting of situationists becomes a reificatory defecation.

To our oppressors we merely quote the profound self-reflexive challenge which Frederick Engels, in 1831, once posed to an acquaintance of his: "Go fuck yourself."

We hereby issue this minimal set of demands necessary for the reproduction of our existence:

We demand the right to fulfill the requirements of our intrinsic character structure by the production and revision of detailed critical theories concerning the poverty of the critiques of other situationists. (See our forthcoming work on this matter: "Theses on the Sensuous Nature of the Night of the Generalized Qualitative Transformation of Potatoes into a State of Unitary Rottenness (*Fäulnis*).")

We demand the right to carry out our dialogs by means of bookstore shelves and P.O. Boxes, rather than being forced to face each other directly.

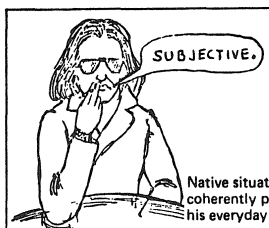
We demand that a cure be found for the crippling disease of hammer-and-sickle cell anemia, which attacks situationists causing a deterioration of their appearances and making them resemble awkward leftists.

We demand de-fetishized sexual fetishes.

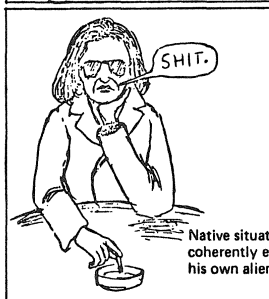
We wish to emphasize the genocidal nature of the attempts to suppress the realization of our demands. Our activities are aimed within the limits of our ethnic group and are thus *harmless*. We do not threaten the functioning of any external social relations.

(With regards to those illusory bigots who feel that our critiques of critiques of critiques are counter-revolutionary, and who would say that our traditional coherent critical dialogs and denunciations are merely sit-picking inquisitions; they might be better off abandoning sit. forms altogether and communicating with each other on how to go about changing what-in-the-world it is that seems to be bothering them. Carried to an extreme, such incoherent malcontents might even find themselves communicating with a miscellany of persons, including some who even admit to not having read Marx!!)

We are an ad-hoc coalition of concerned situationist committees struggling against our oppression. To this end we have temporarily ignored our fundamental differences to publish this leaflet. Tomorrow we start calling each other pro-situs again.



Native situationist
coherently practicing
his everyday life.



Native situationist
coherently expressing
his own alienation.

from THE INVISIBLES Thibaut D'Amiens

A book titled *The Invisibles* (Horizon Press, 1976), has a cover blurb that reads, "The most important book since The New Testament." The book ends: "The weapons of death have been perfected. No marksmen are needed any more. The means of self-destruction are within every one of us. I wait for the heart to stop, the book itself to forever disappear. If it doesn't if anyone holds this book in his hands and reads it, be sure the so-called DAY OF JUDGMENT IS AT HAND, THE SECOND AND LAST COMING . . . PRAY TO THE INVISIBLES THAT YOU MAY BE SAVED, INCLUDED ON THEIR FIRST AND FINAL INTER-GALACTIC ARK!"

The apocalyptic text was sent unsolicited to a publisher of avant-garde poetry (Hugh Fox), who after receiving the manuscript had a sort of nervous breakdown and embarked on a baffling and unsuccessful search for its author. The book lays out a compelling conspiracy theory about the control of mankind by a group of malevolent, god-like intelligences called "The Invisibles." At the behest of the Invisibles, control of the real world is maintained by the "Almost Invisibles" (Council of Foreign Relations, corporate executives, etc.), who in turn control this pasture of human energy. A plausible confirmation of most people's most paranoid fears. [A. P.]

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The closer we approach the INVISIBLES, the more invisible they become. Lines of logic converge, we approach a confrontation—and instead confront decoy-realities that detain us as the Invisibles themselves (aware at this point that they are being pursued!) busy themselves creating whole series of further counter-realities erected along the logic-lines that lead beyond the decoys.

Summing up our investigation to this point:

1. It would seem that in terms of actual "power," the actual ability to "move" and "do" things, that national governments and boundaries are illusory, and superimposed on the global nation-peoples sub-structure is a supranational corporate structure that is formed by a series of companies with similar aims and purposes.

2. This supranational corporate structure controls both Peace and War, is supramoral in the sense that war-products and peace-products are essentially just products and their product-nature remains free of any modifying.

3. Very little of this supranational corporate sell-structure is concerned with “conservation-cycles” that reinvest energy into the overall planetary system. The sell-structure is unconcerned with food, clothing or shelter, instead concentrates on the one-way depletion (exhaustion) of all energy resources. One notable example: the auto-petroleum industry complex.

4. The ultimate teleological “end” of this corporate-structure is to exhaust all planetary resources, kill the seas, destroy the air (all interlinked processes in terms of overall planetary life-support systems) and then leave Earth behind and move out to outer space.

5. Any person or group who attempts to in any way block the general thrust of this plan is immediately killed in any of a number of ways (so-called natural deaths, plane-crashes, etc.) often by post-hypnotic Ghouls who are programmed not only to forget their immediate programming but are *completely* unaware of the Invisibles’ over-plan of planetary destruction.

6. In terms of corporate-financial power-structures there can be merely one possible higher energy-structure than the “businesses” themselves, the “energy”-unit of corporate operations, MONEY, in other words, THE BANKS.

7. The nucleus of all corporate-financial power, then, would be the chairman/*chairmen* of the boards of the largest banks such as the Chase Manhattan.

8. The Invisibles, then, would constitute a small group of supranational inter-related banker-industrialists in whose hands ALL PLANETARY POWER ULTIMATELY RESTS. These, it would seem, are the real World-Controllers—the real INVISIBLES—and the guilt for the massive homicide of contemporary War, the guilt for the headlong rush toward Marecide and Geocide, must ultimately be assigned to them.

MISANTHROPIA

Anton Szandor La Vey

Anton Szandor La Vey's *Satanic Bible* is the *Poor Richard's Almanac* of our time. To glean La Vey's practical homilies for real world manipulation is to become healthy, wealthy and wise, though in a way different from what Ben Franklin intended. Or perhaps this is what Franklin had in mind all along, as a roisterous member of Francis Dashwood's Hellfire Club. (The early-to-bed-early-to-rise stuff can be dismissed as a sop to the Puritan-Calvinist-Quaker mass market of B. F.'s time.)

The Black Pope's tracts suggest how to suck as much substance as is possible from the current Kali-Yugic sideshow. No terrorist has ever gained his severed head, no Casanova his cooze, no Medea her vengeance, no pagan his extasis, by following the edicts of the Weakling of Nazareth.

Misanthropia is taken from a 1977 *The Cloven Hoof*, the official Church of Satan newsletter. The communique's rejection of mass man stands in distinct contradiction to the smoke-and-mirrors egalitarian propaganda promoted by Judeo-Christian hypocrites to divert attention from their own inevitable adherence to *Führerprinzip*.

Exalted in his solitude, Anton La Vey has made his android dream his reality. In his basement he has constructed a party scene—*his* kind of party scene—out of hyper-realistic mannikins. Each slatternly celebrant at La Vey's waxworks party is reputedly more intelligent and animated than the average TV talk show host. [A. P.]

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HL. Mencken said, "I reserve the right to be a lonely man." I don't crave companionship. It stands in my way. I live for pleasure. There are few persons who can give me as much pleasure as those acts I perform myself. I would rather create pleasure according to my own whim, than be subjected to the whims of others. Invariably, I wind up entertaining others. Or educating them. There is no push/pull. It is only pull, and they do the pulling.

I find greater companionship in inert figures, animals and speechless artifacts, for I can enjoy their presence and there is no psychic drain. In fact, by their very stimulation in accordance with

my tailored ideals, *they* provide me with not only entertainment, but food for thought.

Why do I prefer androids to many “real” humans? Androids can be created, programmed, and utilized exactly according to the master’s whims. They require no energy-consuming interaction in order to salve a non-existent ego. Yet even the semblance of an ego can be built into an android via actions and words—but always according to the Maker’s requirements. They can be shelved when they grow tiresome, brought back out when needed, modified in appearance, and destroyed without moral conscience. They are ideal companions. They never talk back, unless you want them to, yet you can insult them to your heart’s content. Insofar as work is concerned, that can be performed by either non-humanoid machines or humans of limited intelligence operating machines of greater intelligence. Androids offer splendid companionship when cast in the physical semblance of human beings. And for all most people *really* have to say, they might as well say nothing. Essentially, they are merely decorations in a room—humanoids to alleviate what might be construed as loneliness.

Most human interaction, being nothing more than small talk and games, is no waste of time to those so engaged. It is, in fact, necessary to their survival, for they would die of boredom otherwise. To the Maker, the archetype, the self-sustainer, human interaction is usually a waste of the most precious thing in his vital existence: *time*. Time spent in “being liked” could better be devoted to liking *being*.

It is easy for me to expound these attitudes. I do not search for a beloved, yet am loved by one who treads the very stars. In addition, I can *do* as well as *be*. I can honestly say, “I am that I am.” Unless one can, he cannot be interdependent. One must be whole before one can be alone and yet not alone.

What keeps me going? What justifies my existence? That which sustains me is the knowledge that, were I to fall prey to trouble, to fail, to sicken, to die, it would please so many people that my strength is *in* my existence.

When I think of all those who would rejoice at my discomfort, I

am energized and strengthened to the extent that I might overcome any malaise. It is not my love for mankind that sustains me, but rather mankind's resentment of me. My disdain and contempt for the mediocre masses in general and those who calumniate me in particular angers me to regeneration.

My right I have made for myself, by not what I can do, but by how important it is for others that I be resented, maligned, misunderstood, and hated. You'll seldom hear me complain about my lot, for it is according to my precise design. Even if it were not, I doubt that I would gripe. I hate complainers. Nobody gives a shit about anyone else's grievances. When one caterwauls his troubles to another, it simply weakens the complainer in the listener's eyes. Far better to arouse further antagonism by disappointing your detractors by your refusal to display unease.

I refuse to sicken because it will make my enemies healthier. I refuse to break off relations with any worthwhile companion because if I did it would make others' loneliness more bearable. I refuse my sorrow to be known, for my sorrow is another's joy. I even dislike showing wrath, for to one who receives little attention, my wrath would brighten his heart.

I admire my bull terrier, Typhon, who can rage and snarl and try to kill while wagging his tail. It is patently sport—enjoyment—for him to snarl and tear at his opponent. A great lesson can be learned from him. He will not give his victim the satisfaction of thinking that, in his rage, he might be unhappy. On the contrary, he is a blight to his victim all the more because his victim can never be satisfied as a masochist is satisfied by another's drubbing. Unless you can rejoice in making your antagonist miserable, your antagonist will sap your vitality by the humorless wrath he has incurred in you. The sobriety of your anger will increase your unintentional charity with each blow you strike, and you will be lesser for it. Through practice, I now enact my formula of turning rage into enjoyable sport so automatically and effortlessly, that it is seldom, if ever, possible for another to reap pleasure from my anger.

I defy ill wishes of my enemies by rejoicing in their discomfort. If I did not pain them, I should not be their enemy. If I need do nothing save exist in my present form in order to make enemies, I

am indeed fortunate, for to know me is to hate me. One hates what one fears. He who is feared has power. I am lucky. I have acquired power without conscious effort, but simply by *being*.

I will never die because my death enriches the unfit. I could never be that charitable.

Is it irony that the only times I have progressed is when I have hurt someone else? Or does evil really conquer goodness in the end? It appears that evil (fear) is the prime mover, while goodness is complacency and stagnation. Goodness invokes either approbation or saccharine contempt. Evil creates action and reaction. Without that, the race would have died long ago. Not that that would have been so terrible, save it would have meant the extermination of the Devils—those persons who love life enough to want to consciously experience its pleasures, the pleasures they devise and discover *on their own*.

Once upon a time, when I had certain befuddled ideals, I might have found John Donne's *No Man is an Island* justification of mediocrity inclusive of myself. Because people need people, is now too little justification for their existence. I need *persons*—certain persons, not people. The word *people* has achieved an egalitarian connotation I find repugnant—

There are some men who are islands, entire of themselves, but most are pieces of the continent—parts of the maine. If a clod—and clods they be—is washed away by the sea, the mainland is richer, albeit smaller. If a promontory were washed away, then some small alarm might be caused if one's manor built from unique efforts stood upon it. But no man's death, save he who stands by me, diminishes me. Other men's deaths make the earth a sweeter, finer place for those who have the capacity to relish each moment spent upon it. Each useless drone's death enriches me. I am involved in growth, and the incompetent dead can at best provide fertilizer. Then, though the land may be lesser in size, it will be richer in soil and lusher in visage. Therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls because someone is being paid to pull on the rope.

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL MOTIVATIONS

Stanislav Szukalski

Although Stanislaw Szukalski's brilliant concept of Zermatism—which posits the theory of mankind's traumatic emergence from the Great Flood—was ripped-off wholesale by Velikovsky, nobody could imitate his anguished and accomplished sculptures and paintings.

There hasn't been a Renaissance man like Szukalski since Da Vinci: artist, anthropologist, social scientist, ranter. Though Szukalski's racial theories and fascistic political orientation are roundly shunned by the humanist mainstream, in 1934 the Polish government built the Szukalski National Museum in Warsaw to house his works, which later a Luftwaffe bombing raid left in shambles.

His work, always more vital than any of his lily-livered contemporaries, was avoided by the art community as if a plague. Comments Szukalski proselyte Jim Woodring in the Fall 1988 *Whole Earth Review*: "... He categorically loathed all art critics and invariably repaid their admiration with profound contempt ... Szukalski simply refused to make himself palatable. He held a lot of unpopular opinions and he saw no reason to keep them to himself." Near the end, Szukalski enjoyed the benefit of only one patron, Glenn Bray of Sylmar, CA., who oversaw the printing of two outstanding collections of Szukalski's art and theory. They are now sadly out-of-print. Stanislaw Szukalski died penniless in Burbank on June 17, 1981 at the age of 91. [A. P.]

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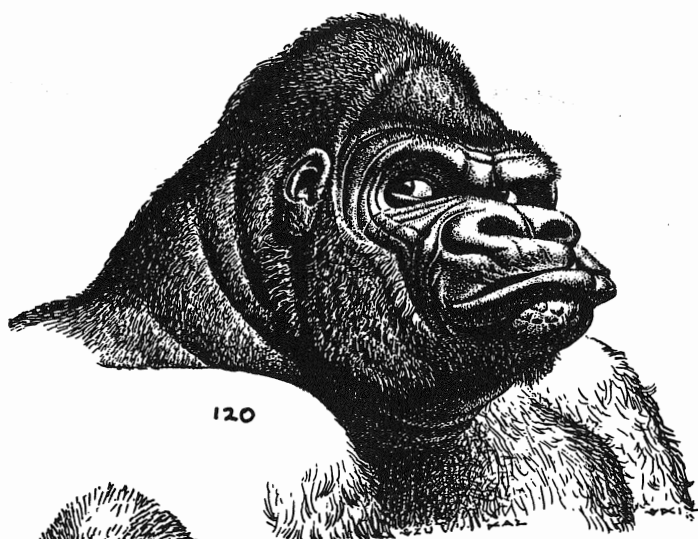
Being a professional man in numerous fields of intellectual activities, I have evolved a different attitude towards them than the layman, who keeps on repeating the same phraseology and terminology, thus sustaining the same common attitude. Frankly, I am talented in many fields because my interests are numerous, so that I understand to a higher degree how they are interrelated.

Thus, when I say about myself that I am a genius, it is not self-praise, but a statement to describe a type of mind that: whatever it does in any field, it does well. A mind that peruses in many fields will comprehend better, and many things more, than one that is absorbed in only one. It becomes a universal mind.

Since man recently suffered two global calamities in, as in my case, a single lifetime, I have been dwelling on causes that might have brought these to their culmination. Naturally I have read the opinions of statesmen and contemporary historians blaming the munitions manufacturers, the bankers, the imperialists (always of other nations, never their own) for the two World Wars, but as usual, was not satisfied with their answers. Of course I am an ego-centric, otherwise I would have remained a non-creative consumer of other people's thinking. But since I belong to the group of self-igniting individualists who never doubt their wisdom, it was but natural for me to personally approach the all-absorbing dilemma of What Causes Wars and their ever-increasing deaths (in the last World War almost 50,000,000 died on both sides of the conflict).

120 For one, humans are mammals. They are born in the same way as many animals and have the same means of procreation. Many a trait is animal-like and even dispositions are very often similar. A gorilla, though it is the largest of the apes and terrifyingly powerful so that it needs no pretending extensions of its ferocity, has an ever ready growl on its face and a permanent frown, so to frighten all smaller creatures. This reveals intrinsic cowardice. So, many governments, when frightened by the military superiority of a prospective victim nation, abuse that nation with the foulest invectives, because basically they are cowards. Their bluff and their threats are symptomatic of their frantic FEAR. However, when they feel they are capable of destroying the other, they make special effort to show friendliness, so to attack unexpectedly.

But I have drawn four gorillas for you, which may seem overdone evidence that I wish to present. Not so! Though gorillas are native to West Africa, specifically the Kivu Highlands in Nigeria, there are several strains of them, each with various dispositions. Note the different design of the nostrils of the following anthropoids. Note that the first one has a split nose, which superficial cleavage continues on the upperlip. Syphilis, which was originally an animal disease, causes the cleavage of the roof of the mouth and the harelip, together with a large space between the upper teeth. Eventually these anthropoids became to a great extent

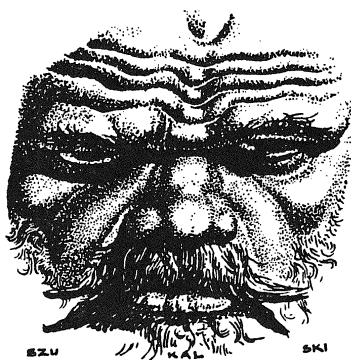




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immune to syphilis and the cleavage became characteristic of the class.

122 The third gorilla has nostrils that lay flatly wrinkled on the muzzle and there is no split across the nose. Its mass of hair begins immediately above the massive brows.

123 This gorilla's portrait, however, shows more humanoid traits, already indicating inter-species bastardy. The nose, though almost caricature-like, could be that of Leo Tolstoy or Maxim Gorki. The expression is almost human, but for the brooding hatred in the eyes. The mouth is completely human. The neck, like on the others, is of course totally missing. Here you have an ancestor, the sire of our future empire-amassers.

124 Due to our ignorance of our bastardy past, our inbreeding with the apes, we carry the Burden of History, which actually is the struggle between Humans and a-Humans. The a-Humans, however, because they are born in our own countries and communicate in our languages, are not recognized and are taken to be Poles in Poland, Englishmen in England, Russians in Russia.

The gigantic abdomen that gorillas have to keep on filling all day long was inherited by their bastardly descendants, which physical trait was sublimated into avarice for everything in sight.

125 Despite Darwin's assurance that the two species of ape and human do not produce offspring, I will show you some examples to the contrary. In an old medical book I found this photograph of an oddly proportioned dwarf. His arms were so short that they barely reached to his pelvic bone at the base of his long torso. Therefore, he could not walk upright, because our arms have to counter-swing with the opposite legs in order to keep our balance while walking.

When I first came to the U.S.A., living with my parents in Chicago, I would always see the white horse of the cart that delivered goods to a bakery store, stand with its forelegs on the sidewalk. I soon solved the riddle. When it was trotting in the streets, I saw that its forelegs were much shorter than the hind ones, so that these would have to carry a greater share of the body weight than if they had been much longer.

Thus, this little man who inherited the human, short arms doubly exaggerated, discovered that if he held wooden blocks in his hands, he would make his arms longer and shift some of his weight onto his legs so his arms would get tired less quickly. On the side I made the face of this pseudo-Human in greater detail, that you may recognize the similarity to dozens of famous politicians who always serve some Ideology that, on succeeding, will metamorphose into another Tyranny.

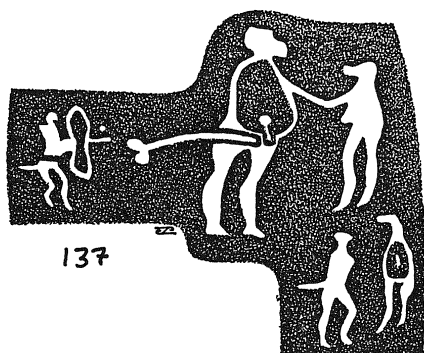
128 This drawing of a most renowned fresco illustrates a Pan dressed in the skin of a slain stag, so as to get close enough to the doe unnoticed, for the purpose of raping her.

A striking oddity of this presentation is the tail. The spinal column of animals continues naturally below the rump as the cote of the tail. Here, however, the tail is set at a wrong angle, beginning more towards the thighs of the creature. This is due to a clever contrivance. The Pan has pushed the base of the dried tail into his rectum to hide his anthropoid sex. While a man's genitals are projecting from his lower abdomen, therefore in front of him, you may recall from your latest visit to the zoo that the genitals of the ape are placed further back, so that in the ape's slight stoop they show in the rear, as in this drawing. Thus, we definitely know that this is a Pan (the Feared One) from Greek mythology.

That this is a Pan, a Manape, is further attested by the large abdomen of the "gorger," the future site of Yetinsyn empire-amassers, and the too-short arm of human heritage.

137 In Bohuslan, the place in Sweden whose name started me on my extensive scientific task, there is a petroglyph—one among hundreds—commemorating the interbreeding of Manapes and Humans. You see a Neanderthal Manape at the left, who know how to make bows and arrows, yet still has the tail of the anthropoid, standing guard over a female who was made pregnant by a "giant penis." No doubt, eventually one of the descendants of this bastard became a communist agent or executioner, as all those with the undercut noses tend to be.

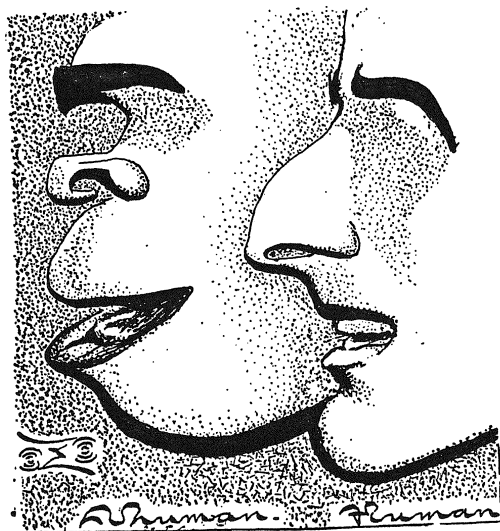
143 The most recognizable characteristic of people involved in political subversion and treason, without having to undress and



137



128



Human.

Human

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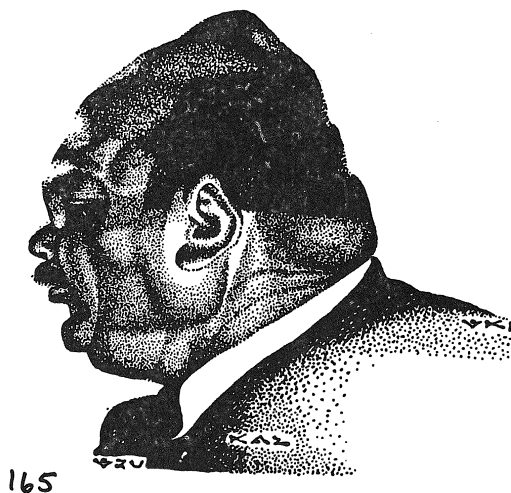
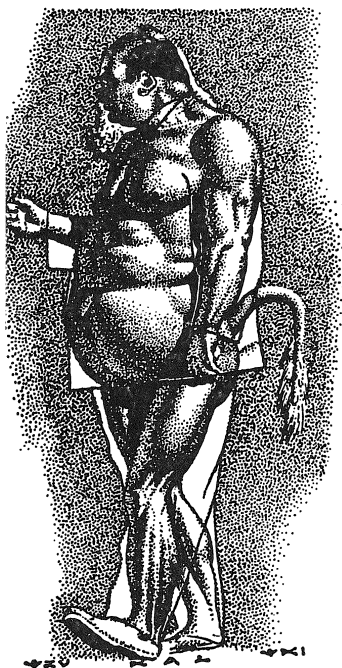
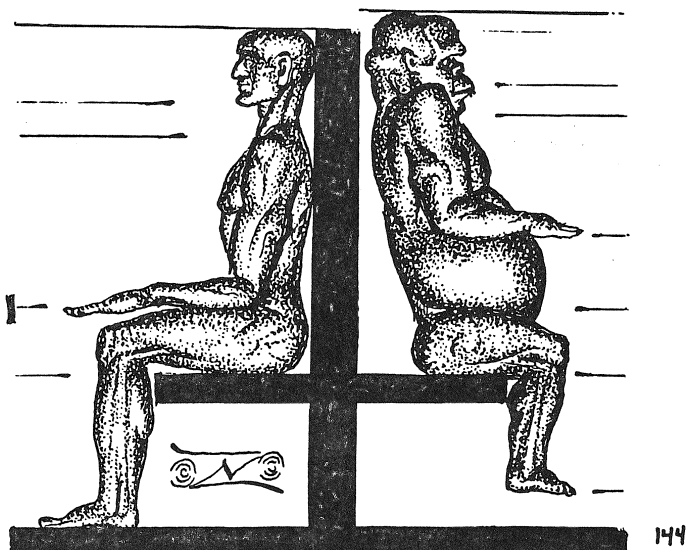
measure them, is the upper lip. The descendants of the Manapes or Pans are the people with the long upper lips, which always goes together with the sharply angled, undercut nose. The human upper lip flows down from the point of the nose to the lower rim of the lip. Compare the slightly exaggerated drawings of the Yetinsyn on the left, and the Human on the right.

The history of mankind up to this moment is the enumeration of **STRUGGLES** caused by the elemental foes of mankind, the result of the rapes of human women by Manapes who, having been born among us and speaking our languages, are mistakenly taken for our own countrymen. But it is these hateful, deadly and fiendishly exterminatory descendants of the Yeti that, on having been thoroughly admixed with the Humans, think up all the ideological Isms that create subversion, treason, revolutions, wars, and the eventual downfall of all Civilization and Culture.

144 One trait of apeism is the too long torso, which can be seen when a person is standing up with the arms bent. My elbow overlaps the pelvic, because I am a Human. The worker, however, I met at the gas station had an elbow-pelvic interspace of 1 foot and 2 inches (I measured it).

165 But look at the drawing of the late King Farouk of Egypt. Being born of royal lineage and in affluence, he did not suffer from inferiority feelings, because girls and women did not disdain him, so he did not turn against the state and become a revolutionary. Most radicals are exceedingly ugly and because they can never be popular with girls and women, they develop a hatred of mankind, starting in the formative years of adolescence. It comes to that simple explanation.

I have stripped King Farouk of his clothing and added the Pan's tail that he probably had at birth, but had removed. Look at the pointed head of a Manape. His too-short arms do not even come to his genitals. His too-small hands are characteristics of dwarfishness. His neck bulge is still there, though it should have disappeared in the fourth month of the foetal state. His gargantuan gluttony indicates his heritage from the Egyptian Bes.



THE CORRECT LINE

Bob Black

I first encountered the work of Bob Black on a San Francisco telephone pole in 1980. “(Ass)Holism” the poster proclaimed, lampooning the then-embryonic New Age movement as the spawn of Rev. Jim Jones. Most of Bob’s work is truly punny, *Finnegan’s Wake* with a prickly sense of political vengeance. Black has managed to insult or incite seemingly every lousy little anarchist/libertarian/leftist shuck-and-jivester there is. His feuds are legendary. Everyone in-the-know has an opinion on the Blackish question.

One wonders what might have happened if Bob Black were fed more Ritalin as a kid. Would he have ended up clinging more tightly to his Bar Association certificate? Would it have calmed those easily distempered hormones? That would have been a tragedy. Whatever lights Robert C. Black’s fuse is okay by me. He explodes so interestingly. [A. P.]

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Aspectre is haunting Terra: the spectre of comedy. East and West, “left” and right, power’s pimps and property’s property (businessmen and bureaucrats, socialists and socialites, commissars and clergymen, Coke and Pepsi)—all the fat cats and phonies and their marching morons and stultified tools are as one in their efforts to exorcise the mockery of those who fly in *under their radar*. Banished or bridled again and again, the Trickster always gives them the slip in the end, wearing countless faces as the institutionalized slip on their faeces. They’ll *never* catch the Roadrunner!

And now the time has come “to make the silence audible” . . . with the radio *off*. Ragnarok’n’roll is here to stay. “Take back the night”? Why settle for half-measures? For the unbossed and unbought it is better to score than to keep score, better to prey than to pray. Let all the she-and-hedonists shit-can the (sub)humanists; let hungry Morlocks everywhere eat the rich; let the ludic and the Luddites put an end to that supreme servitude *work*. The depressive have reason to dispose of the repressive. Why not take the socio path? It leads to leaderless life of permanent revelry beyond

the Reality Principle.

As the economy implodes and the culture corrodes and the old world erodes, as even the oblivious incline toward Oblomovism, as time runs out on the time-clock—with Armageddon imminent, the sentients and sensitives had better make sure that the Antichrist *wins*. It's autism against *oughtism*! Necronomics is bankrupt: statism is withering away. This is the fight to finish between Them and Us, between gorillas and guerrillas, quantity and quality, Marxists and Groucho Marxists, the inane and the insane, Locke and Loki, the Syndicate and the cynical, the Trots and the hot-to-trot, common sense and communal sensuality, Catholics and catholics, Protestants and protestants, the ruling class and the *declassé*, the static and the stateless, the negation of pleasure—and the pleasure of negation. All reet!

Despite what you may have heard, the “correct line” is *not* what the cop makes you walk when he pulls you over. Confused by Cartesian, Manichean, left brain/right brain structuralist binary oppositions crosshatching the wrinkles on your brain? Would you hesitate to play cless with Karen Quinlan? Your prudence (but not your prudishness) is commendable and, hopefully, not commandable. What you need is a different (but not diffident) industrial-strength ideology, a foray into *fuckturalism*, the (non-Illuminist) illumination of *north-brain* consciousness, a plunge into 3-chord politics and nothing-leftism. Too much is enough! Self-help means help yourself! Pursue liberation through logosexuality: see for yourself how cunning-linguistics adds a whole new dimension to oral sex. Use the power of absurdity to expose the absurdity of power. You say you hear a different durmmer? Maybe so—but is the rhythm *syncopated*? Give yourself permission to feel okay about trashing the Totality *and* its countless licensed loyal oppositions, its artfully engineered illusory alternatives to itself. Accept no substitutes!

You're entitled, after millennia of civilization, after centuries of industrialism, after decades of schooling, after years of television, after months of rock music, after minutes of reading—you're entitled to the *straight poop*. And here it is, the question to the answer

you've been hearing all your life, the *correct line*:

INCORRECT

Sedation
Vanguard parties
Freedom of religion
Legal practice
Behaviorism
Meditation
Leninism
Praying
Free trade
Counter-culture
Political movements
Dad
Revelation
Wars
Classical liberals
Reason
Sects
Capital punishment
Atomic power
Lawyers
Homophobia
Separation of church and state
Consultants
Elections
Force
Historical materialism
Racism
Neurotics
Positive thinking
Libertarians

CORRECT

Sedition
After-hours parties
Freedom from religion
Target practice
Misbehaviorism
Premeditation
Lennonism
Playing
Rough trade
Countering culture
Pelvic movements
Dada
Revolution
Whores
Rococo radicals
Treason
Sex
The punishment of capital
Anomic power
Scofflawyers
Nomophobia
Abolition of church and state
Insultants
Erections
Farce
Hysterical materialism
Erase-ism
Erotics
Positive drinking
Libertines

TV
Theologians
Foreign affairs

TV's
Neologians
Foreign affairs

LEVITY IS THE FOURTH DIMENSION!



INVESTMENT IN SURVIVAL

Kurt Saxon

You might say Kurt Saxon is a post-nuclear investment counselor. Positing the inevitability of nuclear war, followed by complete social collapse already prefigured by the rapacity of the bureaucracy and the indiscipline of the working class, Saxon proposes a survival strategy. High tech will wither away, but those with the tools and the know-how can recreate the technology and relatively high standard of living of the period immediately preceding the age of oil, autos and electricity. Also its weaponry; Saxon authored the multi-volume how-to epic, *The Poor Man's James Bond*. For all the measured reasonableness of the interview which follows, Saxon makes clear he looks forward to the die-off of most of humanity; the chastened survivors will inaugurate some sort of small-town, free-market, minimal-state white Protestant utopia. This is a millennial rant for radical Rotarians, the promise of populist paradise to the countryside after the depraved urban parasites kill themselves off or get killed as the forewarned Anglo-Saxonists repulse the refugee hordes. [B. B.]

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In the next two years I see the collapse of organized societies worldwide, due mainly to the cutoff of Mideast oil, probably resulting in nuclear war. It's too late to develop alternative energies so a sizeable cutback in oil will cause a massive depression.

Millions of taxpayers will be unemployed. Over 30 million Social Security recipients and nearly that many on welfare will see their checks stopped. Millions who are now on Valium or other narcotic tranquilizers will go insane when they cannot get more. Medical supplies will command astronomical prices as drug addicts swarm over pharmacies looking for dope, ruining everything they don't steal.

Cities will be cut off from food as oil supplies run out and the truckers cannot get fuel. As oil-based fertilizers become unavailable to grow food, agricultural production will drop to the point where famine will be a reality.

No governmental system can long put off the inevitability of the

above chaos and ruin of our already overburdened society. Our computer-run system has heretofore depended on a certain percentage of competent types to second-guess our increasingly underachieving majority and the politicians catering to them for their votes. But the competents are gradually giving up and dropping out, almost like in Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*. Of course, they are less motivated by the logic of withdrawal than by the sheer hopelessness and frustration of maintaining a Disneyland for dummies. The threatened cutoff of oil is only the last straw in a long sequence of factors leading to our ultimate decline and final collapse.

The process of social disintegration began years ago in various stages. There is no one cause nor one year. A combination of giving in to human, social, political and economic weaknesses, accelerating year by year, has led up to the twilight of world civilization. The liberal altruists seeking to make a place in the sun for the underachiever and the "disenfranchised" have enabled the unproductive to gain a majority in most societies. So, like Babylon, Greece, Egypt, Rome and so many other civilizations, our Disneyland, too, will shut down forever.

Many others predict another crash and depression. But most of them expect a reconstruction similar to that following the Depression of the 30s. But even in the depths of the last depression, there was plenty of oil, plenty of fertile farmland, a relatively small world population, oceans of fish, little pollution, overall mental health, intelligence and competence.

The difference for our generation is that the easily accessible and cheap fuel, extensive fertile farmlands and economic freedom which made possible our world's surplus population, no longer exists to perpetuate it. Even with our bounty following the Crash of '29, it wasn't until ten years later, and mainly through war production, that our economy recovered from the Depression.

Our politicians have so devoted themselves to nurturing and perpetuating hoards of incompetent dependents that further industrialization to put our nation on a war footing will be unaffordable. Even if it were not, our present union-spoiled and demanding work force could not be expected to perform the way our

parents did in the war plants in the late 30s and early 40s.

Police go on strike in high crime areas. Firemen picket while tenements burn. Hospital workers walk out on the suffering. Teachers stay home for weeks as their students languish in a state of drooling imbecility. Why should we believe that this generation of workers will show more dedication to duty than our supposedly disciplined public servants? No. Our present working class lacks the sense of duty to again put our country on a war footing and revive our economy.

That's why I see no avoidance of nuclear war. The world's resources are in too short a supply to spare for a conventionally staged Third World War. The world's workers are no longer competent or disciplined enough to produce for such a war. But the belligerent powers do have the nuclear weapons to fight such a war and so they will have no other recourse but to use them.

But no matter. The Earth's surplus population is long overdue for a culling. A nuclear holocaust will be a blessing for the survivors. We can start anew, hopefully avoiding past errors. Imagine a world without such festering social sores as New York, Washington D.C., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Moscow, Rome, Peking or any of the other great pestholes harboring the majority of the world's parasites and bureaucrats. In light of all this, to survive, you must move about a hundred miles from any major target area.

A lot of boasting is done by and on behalf of the Russians concerning their technology. I believe it to be more science fiction than science. They can't land a man on the moon and return him or even decisively defeat the Afghans.

Their targets will most likely be the major cities. Their overall strategy would be to knock out the U.S. capability to prevent them from taking over Europe, the Mideast and Africa. Even if they lost their own major cities they might believe they could still prevail with the U.S. crippled.

I don't think they would waste missiles on our missile sites and SAC bases since our missiles and planes would be well away before they could be hit. Nor do I believe isolated nuclear reactors

would be targets. With the cities they served knocked out, they would be worthless. Even so, I wouldn't trust their crews to deactivate them. Panic, carelessness or sheer incompetence will cause a lot of meltdowns after a nuclear war so I wouldn't live near one.

While the Russians prepare to exterminate the Chinese and use what's left of their missiles on the world's major cities, you should prepare to weather the storm. Then, while the surviving Russians, Europeans, etc., revert to primitive tribalism, we could be on the way up.

Following the collapse and/or nuclear war, there will be up to three billion less humans to share our planet with. Even so, the devastation of the cities will mean an automatic lowering of the levels of technology. The cities, even those not bombed, will explode in panic, rioting and looting hardly imaginable. Most machinery and articles of value will be destroyed.

After the initial chaos it may take up to five years for the roots of civilization to send up shoots. Citizens of small towns will immediately organize to fight off bands of refugees and marauders. City and suburban survivors will scrounge from the rubble enough to barely live. Finally, after the less adaptable have died out, the criminal elements have been killed off, and the survivors have become more interested in trading with than killing one another, culture will reemerge.

In the meantime, those who planned to survive will be the virtual salvation of their neighbors. They will have books on basic 19th and early 20th century technology such as found in *The Survivor* and other Atlan publications. They will have metal working lathes, scroll saws and various other power tools to make things for barter. They will have basic barter goods to trade for necessities.

I read and hear a lot about investments as a hedge against the collapse. Most such advice is given by professional investment counselors who are experts on speculation. Their advice is usually very good in times of affluence when the game is played with intangibles such as precious metals, gems, paintings, antiques, stocks, bonds, etc. These things have value in the same sense that

bubble gum cards and marbles have great value among children.

But to advise their purchase for security after the collapse of a whole way of life is either stupidity or fraud. Many survival investment counselors predict an economic collapse, followed by a severe depression and resulting civil strife. In time, they say, reconstruction will take place, a gold-backed, liberty-loving republic will be established and we will live happily ever after in some sort of upper middle class paradise.

Promoters of the above scenario conveniently lose sight of our millions of mentally defective social dependents, the 55% functional illiteracy rate among our voting populace and the plummeting Scholastic Aptitude Test scores among our youth and "hope of the future." It should stand to reason that with an electorate markedly inferior to that of only a generation ago, a political victory by a conservative is impossible. Since the majority of the electorate consumes more than they produce, they will naturally vote only for those politicians who promise them more benefits with less responsibility.

As Rome and the rest of the world of her day degenerated and collapsed, giving way to a centuries-long dark age, so may our present system. Whether our survivors revert to barbarism depends on those of us who can preserve the best of our culture and knowledge. This includes our technology, science, machinery and the chemicals and other raw materials needed to start over.

Those who invest in gold, silver, gems, paintings and antiques, will make no contribution to the future. They have been led to believe by "survival investment counselors" that the ignorant peasantry will flock to them with their chickens and tomatoes to trade for slivers of gold, not to mention the honor of basking in their glorious presence. Quite the opposite will be true. The average survivalist will have only contempt and even hostility for the formerly affluent who invested in intangibles instead of useful tools and day-to-day necessities unavailable after the collapse.

The idea of investing in intangibles seems all the more preposterous when one realizes that the wealthiest investors got theirs through investing in basic needs such as grains, raw materials,

machinery, etc. Since investing in needs is the key to wealth in times of affluence, common sense dictates that basic necessities will be the key to wealth after the collapse. The investor who makes a million in grain and turns around and puts his profits into gold will find himself paying all his gold for enough to eat, if he can find someone who wants it.

On the other hand, had he bought and stored grains in a secure place now, when the collapse comes, he could get all the gold he wanted from anyone sucker enough to have laid it by. He could also trade his grains for whatever other foods and barter commodities were available.

The truly wealthy should put their investment cash into warehouses full of power tools, medicines, chemicals, canned foods, clothing, weapons, etc. You'd be surprised how quickly such items will disappear when no longer manufactured. It stands to reason that such storage places should be located in small towns away from populated areas and refugee routes.

The more modest investors should stock up on such barter items as bullets, salt, cocoa, razor blades, cosmetics, plain aspirin, ballpoint pens, metal pens and pen holders plus ink, matches, garden seeds, needles, spools of thread, chewing tobacco, plain antihistamine for colds, combs, tweezers, pocket knives, lighters and extra lint plus lighter fluid, chewing gum and just about anything that can't be made by hand.

THE ROOTS OF MODERN TERROR

Gerry Reith

Gerry Reith died, apparently by suicide, in 1984, not quite twenty-five years old. In the space of a few years (all he had) he was by turns—or concurrently—a mental patient, an anti-nuclear activist, a Bakuninist anarchist, a short story writer, and the author of essays cultural and political. He fancied William Burroughs, Yukio Mishima, heavy metal, and my posters. The posthumous collection of his parables, *Neutron Gun*, exhibits (in his words) “the raw emotion of ballsy vandals who not only broke into the temple and stole the silver but melted it down and made better, more beautiful things.” His thoughts and his language moved with terrific velocity along the main thoroughfares of literature and electoral politics as on the back roads of fringe ideology and pulp fiction. Sure he was speeding, in more ways than one, and he clipped a few rear-view mirrors on the way, but *his* rig never had one, he never looked back. He drove himself too hard. Most of his impulses and inspirations—his anarchism, his paranoia, his prophetic and polemic *personae*, his motley but impressive erudition, his boredom, his drugs—inclined him to rant, and he often did. In letters (hundreds of them), in posters, in essays and reviews, in poems and cartoons, and in fictions like “The Roots of Modern Terror.” [B. B.]

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You are among the many passengers of a large bus careening wildly down a twisted mountain road. The bus is being driven by a drunk who is half blind. He and those near the front are also suffering from some sort of intoxication from gaseous emissions. They are also drinking. It is night; not even the moon is out to provide lighting. The main lights of the bus are broken from near-brushes with the steadily deteriorating old guardrails that are the only thing between the bus and a 2500 foot plunge off a sheer face cliff.

The bus is travelling at a truly high rate of speed, etc. Evidently the brakes are out. Only the screams of watchful passengers have kept the sleeping driver from crashing. Within the last few minutes more than four times the bus has had a near miss, headed straight

forward into a sharp turn.

It is raining and the roads are slick.

You originally got into the bus to obtain protection from the elements. This was long ago; so long that you don't remember. Way back then, some wise guy started the bus, and began driving. The drivers have been changed several times, but no matter what, they all speed up; they frequently promise to slow down some; and they all drink heavily from seemingly bottomless flasks stored near the front.

Most of the passengers sit, mute, staring off into space, rolling out of their seats and not getting back into them. They seem paralyzed. Those that still seem conscious are divided. Most of them believe the bus is headed somewhere. So do the drivers. But others know that there never was any particular destination in mind. A while back you and some others found a map, inside something called a "history book," and on the map was a picture of a road. The map has clear markings that say "Dead End." In fact, it is a deader end than most; the map indicates that the road ends in an abrupt, unmarked precipice.

Some of the passengers want to get out but the windows and doors are welded shut. When they go up front to talk with the driver or his supporters near the front, who are also drunk, they are forcibly pushed back. Shouts have one result: the driver speeds up, and slumps over the wheel more frequently. Some of the passengers think that everyone should be quiet and enjoy the ride. Others are positively certain that the driver should speed up. Still more don't even think the bus is moving.

Once in a while a passenger goes berserk, doing great physical harm to those around him in an attempt to go and seize the wheel.

According to the map, you are not far from the end of the road. Most of the people who are told this become immediately agitated and call for new drivers. They then attempt to go and take the wheel, which causes the present driver to swerve and screech around in an even more chaotic way. You just want to stop the bus and get out, but you cannot. To no one else has it occurred to stop the bus. And it seems that those in favor of speeding up are gaining

the upper hand; they are driven by the idea that if they get there faster everything will be okay.

from MEESE COMMISSION REPORT ON PORNOGRAPHY

Park Elliott Dietz, M. D.

One can only wonder at the strange lusts that haunt the mind of the piggy-eyed former Attorney General Edwin Meese. His infamous Meese Commission Report on Pornography—with its lip-smacking assessment of pornographic influence—was one of the most salacious books ever printed. The report was so prurient that Christian book stores, who were the most vocal supporters of Meese's moral crusade, were forced to hide or return the hefty volume to its reprint publishers. Bowdlerized editions began to circulate, in turn increasing the demand for the pornographic version.

Dr. Park Elliott Dietz's testimony printed below fears for the youngster who forms his sexual education solely on the basis of what he sees inside daddy and mommy's hardcore pornography. [A. P.]

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Pornography is a medical and public health problem because so much of it teaches false, misleading, and even dangerous information about human sexuality. A person who learned about human sexuality in the “adults only” pornography outlets of America would be a person who had never conceived of a man and woman marrying or even falling in love before having intercourse, who had never conceived of two people making love in privacy without guilt or fear of discovery, who had never conceived of tender foreplay, who had never conceived of vaginal intercourse with ejaculation during intromission, and who had never conceived of procreation as a purpose of sexual union. Instead, such a person would be one who had learned that sex at home meant sex with one's children, stepchildren, parents, stepparents, siblings, cousins, nephews, nieces, aunts, uncles, and pets, and with neighbors, milkmen, plumbers, salesmen, burglars, and peepers, who had learned that people take off their clothes and have sex within the first five minutes of meeting one another, who had learned to misjudge the percentage of women who prepare for sex by shaving

their pubic hair, having their breasts, buttocks, or legs tattooed, having their nipples or labia pierced, or donning leather, latex, rubber or child-like costumes, who had learned to misjudge the proportion of men who prepare for sex by having their genitals or nipples pierced, wearing women's clothing, or growing breasts, who had learned that about one out of every five sexual encounters involves spanking, whipping, fighting, wrestling, tying, chaining, gagging, or torture, who had learned that more than one in ten sexual acts involves a party of more than two, who had learned that the purpose of ejaculation is that of soiling the mouths, faces, breasts, abdomens, backs, and food at which it is always aimed, who had learned that body cavities were designed for the insertion of foreign objects, who had learned that the anus was a genital to be licked and penetrated, who had learned that urine and excrement are erotic materials, who had learned that the instruments of sex are chemicals, handcuffs, gags, hoods, restraints, harnesses, police badges, knives, guns, whips, paddles, toilets, diapers, enema bags, inflatable rubber women, and disembodied vaginas, breasts, and penises, and who had learned that except with the children, where secrecy was required, photographers and cameras were supposed to be present to capture the action so that it could be spread abroad.

REWARD OF THE TENDER FLESH

Ed Lawrence

Ed Lawrence is better displayed than defined. With him, to describe is already to circumscribe. Ed is a non-Euclidean cartographer, a vigorous hybrid, a wild joker, at home on the frontier and the fringe, including the lunatic fringe. And though he has nothing to hide, he delights in secret places and doesn't hesitate to pitch his tent in the DMZ. Life began, not on land or in water, but where they touch. Ed Lawrence is a Marcher Lord. He ranges across borders—of genres, doctrines, “disciplines”—to forage, to frolic, to fight. Originally (for lack of a better word) a poet, he is additionally an essayist, a punster, a collage artist and a sort of freehand scholar, a neo-Goliard and very much a moving target. I think of him as Theodor Adorno remembered his friend Walter Benjamin: “Anyone who was drawn to him was bound to feel like the child who catches a glimpse of the lighted Christmas tree through a crack in the closed door.” [B. B.]

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A friend of mine, who now resides in Arizona, has often chided me for my untrammelled fondness for those two essential American commodities, ketchup and toilet paper. He went so far as to assert, on one occasion years ago (without verifiable evidence I might add), that my family used more of these products than any other family in our town. It was, of course, a small town and its native somnambulism had not yet been completely overwhelmed by that unblinking monocular (tele)vision that never sleeps. As a result I was neither shocked nor offended by this remark. I was perhaps even secretly delighted by his ingenuousness, but to this day have failed to determine, to my own satisfaction, whether it was envy or compassion which stirred him to formulate such an extravagant opinion.

The truth is that there is a certain unnaturalness about a supermarket which mortals find comforting. Let me explain. Anyone who has been following the “Digests” is aware of the organic cycle by which our skin is continually shedding old cells and replacing

them with vigorous new ones; and undoubtedly finds this phenomenon interesting. This process, however, seems primitive when compared to the advanced technology and organization necessary to keep the aisles of a food store eternally swollen with merchandise garnered from the four corners of the globe. To realize that no matter how many bottles of ketchup or rolls of toilet paper are purchased today, that tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow there will be a replenished supply glaring down from the unscrupulously clean shelves puts the anguished heart, beating within its shopping cart rib cage, at ease. And the libido of progress further assures us that neither the fat purse of the corpulent gourmand nor the pallid furtiveness of a potential shoplifter can dent the can of this triumphant accomplishment. It is as if the goods we partake of are themselves an extension of the "GOOD." As if when we cross that miraculous threshold thru a door that opens by itself we are, in a way, rubbing elbows with the epidermis of infinity.

A trip to the supermarket has taken on the joyous solemnity of a pilgrimage, where offerings are surrendered at the checkout counter in exchange for a taste of immortality. The nakedness of our ephemeral being, yearning to hide itself, rejects sackcloth in favor of brown paper bags bulging with bargain priced nectar and ambrosia. Succor from the cornucopia of the gods, hermetically sealed in a shiny cellophane wrapper which mirrors the supplicant visage of each and every patron. In this way identification with a higher power, a greater entity, is established; a personal communion which transcends solitude. In reaching for the tartar sauce, a hand reaches back! But wait, look again. The reflected image is enhanced, it now wears vestments and brocade. Transformed itself, almost into a divine likeness, with high proud forehead and cruel lips. It is this inhuman aura which the consummate shopper worships. This paradoxical ability of the goods to be always the latest breakthrough yet simultaneously venerable which metamorphoses a well-stocked pantry or cupboard into a shrine.

Shopping has been elevated into the real of "Ideals." It now reigns as the paramount expression of what is known as freedom. The ritual is even sanctified by the ringing of the liberty bell every

time the cash register drawer opens. Indeed, if the Bill of Rights were to be drafted today, it would be drawn up on an aerial photograph of a shopping mall, with signatures filling the white lined parking spaces instead of cars. Like the big fish eating the little fish, variety devours choice, and the "Rite to Shop" consumes all others.

Buying has become sacred, so let's get down on our knees, peek through the keyhole and try to get a look at the ropes and pulleys that have hoisted it into heaven. Not surprisingly, its most pious exhortations are the revelations of none other than those abject devotees who indubitably have merchandise they want to be rid of. Buying, as all the priests of wholesale and prophets of retail will be sure not to mention, shares in that mysterious quality which is the *raison d'être* of all "Ideals" and deities. Their common secret being that none of them exist! Yes, buying is merely a *trompe l'oeil*, a phantasmagoria, a mirage created by the ubiquitous voice of the marketplace which saturates the psychosphere with its own peculiar brand of delusion. As the chameleon masquerades beneath its camouflage, so selling shrouds itself in buying. It is like that clever horse trader who uses the appellation "donkey" as a means of covering his "ass."

Behind the mask, beyond the facade, there lurks the glowering countenance of selling. Buying is a protracted leaching away of self, a selling of time, the coin of memory, the irreplaceable blood of life. Erosion is its currency. Its specious image is worn smooth, except for an eye, frozen open full of inanition, and the universally acknowledged epithet "ARBEIT MACHT FREI" which still remains discernible. The turbid vapors exuded by the swamps of advertising envelop it in mystique. Hypnotic suggestions triggered by the symbols on grocery coupons drown the thirst of its victims in induced frenzies. Subliminal mesmerization dons an evolutionary posture in order to ape free will.

Inside the walls of paradise, at the center of the supermarket labyrinth, a virulent beast with a horned head grafted onto the decapitated torso of the Piper of Hamelin. A textbook operation. A beast whose convulsive laughter has the carts rolling in the aisles.

Postscript:

Some friends in Maine have an uncle who suffers the repercussions of “shell shock” acquired in that great entrepreneurial bonanza, the Second World War. His detachment from earthly considerations is akin to that of a hot air balloon which is held from drifting irretrievably away into the void of an opaque sky by two slim guy wires. One is the routine he has developed of walking the two miles to the post office in order to mail a postcard back to the very people he lives with telling them how much he is enjoying himself. The other is the intensity with which he composes grocery lists, meticulously specifying, in a careful hand, the exact brand of each item desired along with notations as to precisely which size, weight or volume is to be purchased.

THE NINE SECRETS OF MIND POISONING AT A DISTANCE

Kerry Wendell Thornley

As “Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst,” Thornley co-authored in the early 1960s the *Principia Discordia*; its lysergic Taoism still inspires the contemporary marginals milieu. As a U.S. Marine, Thornley befriended a fellow malcontent named Lee Harvey Oswald. The ironic mind-games he played when he later testified before the Warren Commission are well worth looking up (Vol. XI). Thornley was then a libertarian of sorts. Some years later, during or after his ambivalent dealings with New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, Thornley changed. As the Kennedy assassination receded in time, Thornley’s recollections grew ever more detailed. He came to believe, not only that his buddy Oswald was framed, but that he, Thornley, was the Manchurian Candidate—or one of many—involved in the J.F.K. hit. In 1982, when I met Thornley and we spoke of all this, I remarked, “You used to satirize conspiracy theories, now you believe in them.” He solemnly agreed. Thornley still writes for marginals media like *Factsheet Five*, and he may be one of the few men in America with a book in print (the *Principia*) who sleeps in a culvert. “Nine Secrets” reflects the author’s current world-view. [B. B.]

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1. Support all forms of private and public absentee property as legitimate so that it will seem a normal requirement of production for workers to be controlled at a distance by absentee bosses and bureaucrats, thereby insuring that adequate funds will be available for research in how better to control workers.

2. Insist that government is necessary and indispensable so as to cultivate the illusion that the populace must be controlled to assure social order, but also teach that it is immoral to invoke the powers of government in probing possible abuses of scientific research, using any ethical standard your audience will accept—such as anarchism or academic freedom.

3. Form a secret society patterned after the Jesuits wherein initiates are called upon to enforce a morality in others they themselves are not expected to obey, such as that of laissez-faire or

anarchism, so that you may co-opt all freedom-loving rebels, either as hypocritical initiates or as coerced instruments—and encourage bickering about metaphysics and sexual conduct so that your pawns will not be able to unite against technocratic mind control.

4. Obtain grants from right-wing private foundations to experimentally probe the possibilities of counter-insurgency involving the use of subcutaneous brain-wave generators and low-level microwave nocturnal brainwashing of people they deem socially undesirable.

5. Encourage left-wing foundations that oppose the selection of victims for experimentation made by right-wing foundations to seek revenge by planting silicone chips in the skulls of administrative personnel in the right-wing foundations in addition to subjecting them to low-level microwave transmissions in their sleep.

6. Use parental extortion and extortion with sodium-phosphate doses to induce heart attacks, together with microwave extortion to Pacemaker users, to impose strict censorship on the mass media and governments to keep them from exposing in plain language comprehensible in precise terms to the vast majority of the population the nightmarish mess you have by this time created.

7. Permit discussions of electro-chemical mind control in cryptic cant languages developed by mind control victims permitted to wander at large under your constant electronic surveillance, in order to cultivate the illusion something is being done about the problem as you enjoy an enormous advantage in identifying and subjecting to similar control your opposition to technocratic mind manipulation.

8. Insist at this point that too much money has been invested in mind control projects to discontinue them without impoverishing your sponsors, retarding social progress and triggering economic upheavals.

9. Organize cults that encourage belief in mediums and metaphysical doctrines such as reincarnation so that low-level operatives may be induced to unwittingly assist in your experiments and so that most subjects will think their unusual experiences are divinely inspired visions or messages from outer

space, and then insist to the more sophisticated that these cults are necessary to combat racism or puritanism or sexual perversion or any other evil you can think of that large numbers of individuals oppose.

L'REVOLUCION POUR NEANT

Pascal Uni

Pascal Uni holds forth in Metairie, Louisiana, where Swaggart staggart. I don't know if he's a ragin' Cajun, a sees-redneck, a voodoo-it-himselfer or a magic-carpetbagger. I do know he's a pun-loving posterist who feels as I do that the telephone poles are the freest forums in America. In New York City, the authorities have deployed a special force of poster police to confront this threat . . . let's hope other places can't afford such a luxury. Ideologically, Uni isn't. He might have been a nihilist except for his rejection of rigid belief systems. But he leaves us in no doubt what he *dis*believes in. [B. B.]

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The revolution for nothing is loose in the world of man. it is a semantic assassin in the palace of words. it is a rope with one end and no beginning. it has grown and goan to its present nothingness, it is movement with the mind turned OFF. anytime alleged "truth" is asserted, the revolution expands its NONreality to consume the ASSailant. the revolution kNOWs that the essence of action is lost in TRANSaction, In-form-ation is Un-Informed-autoMation, it kNOWs a knot is not a knot for NOThing. it kNOWs that the more "meaningless" means, the less mean "meaning" is. its awakening is a BLACKOUT. it breathes through the masses as ABSurd action, as logic-Crossed madness, it is belief in NON believing, a vortex pulling all to its center, its center is NOThing, its center is NOWhere. beyond the symbol or the ugly representation, it is the PERIOD at the end of a life sentence, the irrational figure OUTside the boundaries of authorized existence, OUTside the OUTside, INside the ALLsides, simultaneously taking NO sides. its deadly reason is reason dying.

the revolution for nothing is loose in a world gone MAD. and it's LOOKING FOR YOU.

"nothing is more real than nothing"—Democritus

SAMMY PROLE GETS TOUGH

John Crawford

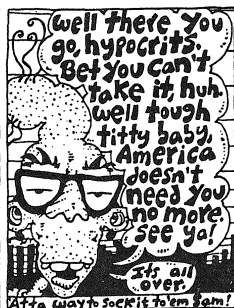
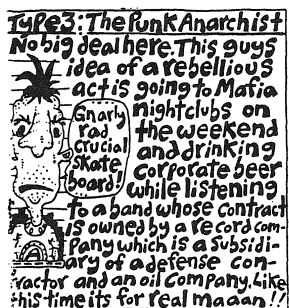
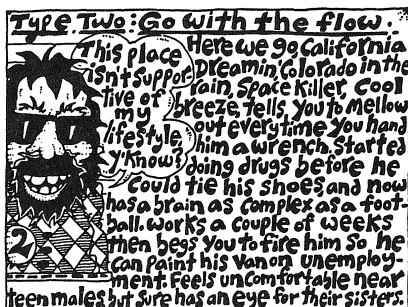
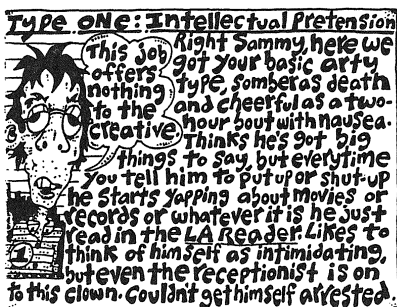
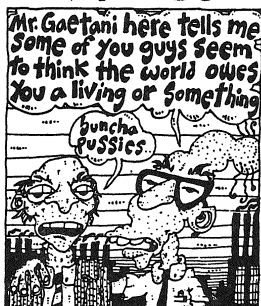
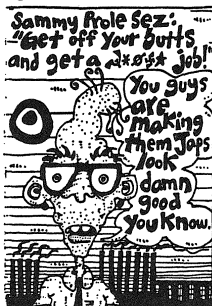
The satirist is someone condemned to be misunderstood, especially by his friends. Uniquely he achieves greatness through the self-surpassing enormity of his own pettiness. He succeeds in the measure he persuades us that his enemies are not worth the trouble. And they're not. But they are not to get off so lightly! If the satirist didn't think he was better than his enemies he wouldn't belittle them, as he always does. In his satiric capacity he doesn't hate, he despises. He hasn't the time to wait, as for the Messiah, for a worthy foe. Everywhere he looks, somebody is getting away with something. Each in himself is not worth the trouble, but each as an instance of a type, as a concrete universal is the only thing worth troubling. And the target, however paltry, is real. The satirist's opposite number is the theologian. You can star the Seven Deadly Sins in a morality play but just try to cast them for a dance number in a musical comedy.

For John Crawford, as for any fully realized satirist, the best telescope is a microscope. And he sees (and draws) things literally in black and white. For a decade his cartoons have closely tracked, and mocked, the trends and impositions of punk. But their enduring interest is that they mock trendiness and imposture, not that they mock punk. Crawford is as gossipy as Aristophanes or Swift. (The careful reader will surmise this is no criticism.) He names names because evil is incarnate or it is nothing. His might be the satirist's crowning glory, to rescue his victims from oblivion. The names of Gellius and Egnatius only survive because Catullus paid them back for their treachery in malicious, imperishable verse. It may well be that Crawford will wreak a like vengeance on Tim Yohannon and Jello Biafra, condemned to be remembered as only what they only were: cartoon characters.

Cartoons—even Crawford's—don't usually rant. Here's one that does. [B. B.]

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AMERICA'S HARDWORKING HERO SAMMY PROLE! GETS TOUGH!



POPULATION AND AIDS

Miss Ann Thropy (Earth First!)

"Earth First!, people second" is the refrain of those who see the ecosystem collapsing in front of their eyes and no one *doing anything* about its demise. A plague is needed to clear the planet of the spreading scourge of parasitical "humanity," which, if unchecked, will contaminate itself to the extinction of *all* life. The welcoming of a plague such as AIDS may seem a remarkably cruel solution. But, to quote the pseudonymous Miss Ann Thropy, there will be victims of overpopulation no matter how the chips fall. Overpopulation—contradicting the international capitalist dream of expanding markets and cheap international labor pools—is *the* problem which renders all others moot. [A. P.]

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If radical environmentalists were to invent a disease to bring human population back to ecological sanity, it would probably be something like AIDS. So as hysteria sweeps over the governments of the world, let me offer an ecological perspective on the disease (with the understanding that the association between AIDS and homosexuality is purely accidental and irrelevant—in Africa it is a heterosexual disease, and is destined to be so everywhere).

I take it as axiomatic that the only real hope for the continuation of diverse ecosystems on this planet is an enormous decline in human population. Conservation, social justice, appropriate technology, etc., are great to discuss and even laudable, but they simply don't address the problem. Furthermore, the whole economy of industrial affluence (and poverty) must give way to a hunter-gatherer way of life, which is the only economy compatible with a healthy land.

Of course, such a decline is inevitable. Through nuclear war or mass starvation due to desertification or some other environmental cataclysm, human overpopulation *will* succumb to ecological limits. But in such cases, we would inherit a barren, ravaged world, devoid of otters and redwoods, Blue Whales and butterflies, tigers and orchids.

AIDS, however, has the following environmentally significant characteristics: 1) it only affects humans; 2) it has a long incubation period; 3) it is spread sexually. The first of these is the most important: AIDS has the potential to significantly reduce human population without harming other life forms. The next two characteristics make it relevant to the worldwide population problem. Diseases which are excessively virulent tend to be evolutionary failures: because they quickly kill off the hosts on which they depend, they usually lose out to less deadly forms. The Black Death is a good example. It effectively decimated Europe—so effectively that it used up the susceptible host population before it could spread far beyond its Eastern geographic limits. (The present form of bubonic plague is thought to be a less virulent form of the disease.) AIDS, however, has a long incubation period which allows infection of others, and hence survival of the virus, before death. And because sexual activity is *the* most difficult human behavior to control (recent frenzied attempts by Western governments notwithstanding), the AIDS epidemic will probably spread worldwide, especially to cities where people are concentrated.

Barring a cure, the possible benefits of this to the environment are staggering. If, like the Black Death in Europe, AIDS affected one-third of the world's population, it would cause an immediate respite for endangered wildlife on every continent. More significantly, just as the the Plague contributed to the demise of feudalism, AIDS has the potential to end industrialism, which is the main force behind the environmental crisis.

Industrial society is based on the accumulation of capital from a mass of workers. That capital represents power to organize people and material in such a way as to disrupt natural cycles—by building dams, producing toxic wastes, “developing” the Third World. . . . This system requires a critical number of producer/consumers. If the population goes beneath that number, industrialism cannot function. Capital dries up, governments lose authority, power fragments and devolves onto local communities which can't affect natural cycles on a large scale.

Exactly what that critical number is, I don't know, and it proba-

bly depends on many factors (deep ecologists should research this). Based on historical evidence, I guess that the population of the U.S. would have to decline to 50 million to really undermine its industrial economy, and down to five million to make hunting/gathering/small farming feasible. This suggests that AIDS would have to kill 80% of the world's human population to end industrialism, though even a much smaller decline would fragment economic power.

Whether AIDS will effect that many people is doubtful. Long before that, governments and institutions will enforce draconian measures to stop the disease, as they have already proposed in Europe. However, the social disruptions involved in this may cause a breakdown in technology and its export, which could also decrease human population.

None of this is intended to disregard or discount the suffering of AIDS victims. But one way or another there will be victims of overpopulation—through war, famine, humiliating poverty. As radical environmentalists, we can see AIDS not as a problem, but a necessary solution (one you probably don't want to try for yourself). To paraphrase Voltaire: if the AIDS epidemic didn't exist, radical environmentalists would have to invent one.

OUT OF THE MAGIC OF VENOM: CREATION

Kathy Acker

The venom of New York City's Lower East Side propelled Kathy Acker to her current residency in the Sceptered Isle. Still she is preoccupied with the brutality, beauty, hopelessness and pain of all our various social contracts. Whatever Acker lacks in "political correctness" (spies tell me that the feminists at London's largest independent bookstore have exiled Acker's fiction from the women's literature shelves to the degraded rank of "male" fiction), she makes up for with the sting of truth and the recognition that victims and victimizers are bound inextricably together. [A. P.]

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(FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE OTHER)

On the 22nd of Sha'bān, year of the Hegira 492 (July 15, 1099), the Franks took Jerusalem, Allah's city. For two days they slaughtered. When their killing stopped, not a single Muslim was left alive within Jerusalem's walls. Thousands of dead people lay in pools of blood on their own doorsteps. Bums drown in vomit. The Franj forced the few imāms and ulamā, holy men, they had left alive, for the moment, to throw dead bodies, perhaps their fathers and lovers, into gutters which served as graves or to burn the flesh. Then the Franj killed these holy men.

At the beginning of the slaughter, the Jews who lived in Jerusalem had gathered in their main synagogue to pray against the Franj. The blond-haired men barricaded the holy entrances and torched the temple so that the Jews were incinerated.

The few who had managed to leave the city during the massacre's beginning crawled to Damascus where Abū Sa'ad al-Harawi, the qādī of Damascus, welcomed them and took them to Baghdad. The refugees crawled from city to city.

Wearing no turban, his head shaved as a sign of mourning, the venerable qādī Sa'ad al-Harawi burst with a scream into the infinite dīwān of the Caliph al-Mustazhir Billāh, through the flock of

followers and companions, to the hall's center.

The qādī of Damascus spoke for the refugees:

You met me and you whipped me and then we parted. When we met again, you fucked me even though you loved someone else.

Blood is on the walls.

Abu Sa'ad al-Harawi spoke for the refugees:

I'm coming into your womb, Jerusalem. And your earth turning around me. I'm lying between your brown reddened legs, the limbs of the Nile. I'm floating on your reddened liquid.

Blood is on the walls. Why are you sick and bloodied, Jerusalem?

It was your own emptiness which must have swelled up your belly with filth so that that belly had to spit out, not a child, but an aborted mass: us dead, exiled.

It's you, Jerusalem, who's now dead and exiled.

Every second of life now's salt, salt poured inside the wounds, us. When these wounds are filled to the brim with salt, when we're filled to the brim with pain, we shall meet ourselves.

I look through the city, everywhere, and I don't find you.

I'll say the truth:

ours is a society or country

who raises her thigh

like a dog

ours isn't a society

but a moon-struck sty

the cross of Sultans

the prophets' tapestry

of reality there's only presence and absence

I'll tell the truth:

all of us are nothing

neither sky nor land

we no longer have children

we're the fog which's evaporating on a river

of words
rust in the sky and its constellations
rust in existence

My country is a refugee in me.

The Caliph al-Mustazhir Billāh expressed his profound sympathy and compassion for the plights of the exiles. Then, he ordered seven of his principal dignitaries to find out how the Franj had managed to conquer Allah's holy city. Nothing was ever heard from that committee of wise men.

Every time the Franj took one Arab fortress, they would attack another. Their power mounted relentlessly until they occupied all of Syria and exiled the Muslims of that country.

A Syrian exile who was as good as nothing said words which meant nothing in the desert:

peace.

to the visages who walk through the deserts'
solitudes
to the East re clothed in flames and grass
to the land licked by the visionary sea
to my love

Fucking:

Your nudity (lightning), Jerusalem, is my tears.
Your nudity (thunder), Jerusalem, cracks open
my ears.

Your time has ripened in my tits
Come on my blood scintillating of the East
take me and disappear
Lose me your thighs have resonance and clarity
Take me. Then recover yourself from my body.

My blood or energy is my mark and my star
Direction is my wound
I spell...

I spell *star* and I sketch its direction
fleeing my country into my country

I spell *star* which sketches itself
in this pile of useless days.

Ashes of verb:
is my history that of a child in your night?
only madness live
here's what I saw on my windowsill
waking among stones which wake
child whom the witch taught
that in the sea this child finds herself
carrying her history in a wave
when the flames die in the foyer
when the night'll dissolve
under its griefs
in icy ashes.

. . . and I saw history in a black flag
spines of blood on the march
(I don't know the exact date)

I see in that memory that is suffering: fire
rebellion

in the magic of venom: creation

my society is this spark
this clarity in the gloom of the time that is
to come.

INTELLECTUAL S & M IS THE FASCISM OF THE 80s

Hakim Bey

Hakim Bey, the goofy Sufi, is the Marco Polo of the marginals milieu. An American, he journeyed to the East for the 70s while we homebodies bumbled along entropically. In Iran he went native. When that was not enough he went native again, this time in a country of the imagination, a Terra Incognita whose sea monsters hold no terrors for him. Bey wants to put his homeland on the map, on a tropical island, an asteroid, wherever. Bey has a potpourri of penchants—anarchy, speculative physics, dope, heretical Islam, fanzines, sci-fi, comely boys—which are somehow all of a piece in his hands. Bey put the sin back into syncretism. He has written *Crowstone*, the world's finest (and only) pornographic sword 'n' sorcery man-boy love novel; and *Chaos: The Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchism*, an ecstatic anarcho-arabesque vision in which (as I've said elsewhere) "Bey, like Prester John, reigns over a fabulous kingdom."

Bey was also the original co-editor of this anthology, whom I replaced (with his concurrence). Bey thought he saw in too many of Parfrey's proposed selections crude sensationalism or worse. Parfrey thought Bey was watering his drinks with "too much vapid humanism and a strangely reactionary mind-set that rejected out-of-hand any material that didn't celebrate pre-pubescent male genitalia or some dim notion of a homo-anarchistic utopia." Bey decided he couldn't take responsibility for the book in the form he felt it was shaping up. He has nonetheless graciously assisted us even after he took his leave, and a number of his original selections remain.

Meanwhile my onset introduced another gravitational pull from a third direction; the upshot is something rather different than either Bey or Parfrey originally envisaged, I expect. We think it meet for Bey—not only to contribute, given his talents that went without saying—but to furnish a diatribe against some of the very tendencies he decried in this book. The reader can judge if the shoe still fits, and how well. Even as, with immense self-satisfaction, we take credit for the only anthology that ever incorporated its own first bad review. [B. B.]

Comrades!

Recently some confusion about “Chaos” has plagued the Association for Ontological Anarchy from certain revanchist quarters, forcing us (who despise polemics) at last to indulge in a Plenary Session devoted to denunciations *ex cathedra*, portentous as hell; our faces burn red with rhetoric, spit flies from our lips, neck-veins bulge with pulpit-fervor. We must at last descend to flying banners with angry slogans (in 1930s typefaces) declare what Ontological Anarchy *is not*.

Remember, only in Classical Physics does Chaos have anything to do with entropy, heat-death or decay. In our physics (Chaos Theory), Chaos identifies with tao, beyond both yin-as-entropy & yang-as-energy, more a principle of continual creation than of any *nihil*, void in the sense of *potentia* not exhaustion. (Chaos as the “sum of all orders.”)

From this alchemy we quintessentialize an aesthetic theory. Chaote art may act terrifying, it may even act grand guignol, but it can never allow itself to be drenched in putrid negativity, thanatosis, *schadenfreude*, crooning over Nazi memorabilia & serial murders. Ontological Anarchy collects no snuff films & is bored to tears with dominatrices who spout French philosophy. (“Everything is hopeless & I knew it before you did, asshole. Nyahh!”)

Wilhelm Reich was driven half-mad & killed by agents of the Emotional Plague—maybe half his work derived from sheer paranoia (UFO conspiracies, homophobia, even his orgasm theory)—BUT—on one point we agree wholeheartedly—*sexpol*: sexual repression breeds death obsession, which leads to *bad politics*. A great deal of avant-garde Art is saturated with Deadly Orgone (DOR). Ontological Anarchy aims to build aesthetic cloud-busters (OR-guns) to disperse the miasma of cerebral sado-masochism which now passes for slick, hip, new, fashionable. Self-mutilating “performance” artists strike us as banal & stupid—their art makes everyone *more unhappy*. What kind of 2-bit conniving horseshit . . . what kind of cockroach-brained Art creeps cooked up this apocalypse stew?

Of course the avant-garde seems “smart”—so did Marinetti & the Futurists—so did Pound & Céline. Compared to that kind of intelligence we’d choose real stupidity, bucolic New Age blissed-out inanity—we’d rather be pinheads than *queer for death*. But luckily we don’t have to scoop out our brains to attain our queer brand of satori. All the faculties, all the senses belong to us as our property—both heart & head, intellect and spirit, body & soul. Ours is no art of mutilation but of excess, superabundance, amazement.

The purveyors of pointless gloom are the Death Squads of contemporary aesthetics—& we are the “disappeared ones.” Their make-believe ballroom of occult 3rd Reich bricabrac & child murder attracts the manipulators of the Spectacle—death looks better on TV than life—and we Chaotes, who preach an insurrectionary joy, are edged out toward silence.

Needless to say we reject all censorship by Church or State—but “after the revolution” we would be willing to take individual & personal responsibility for burning all the Death Squad snuff-art-crap & running them out of town on a rail. (Criticism becomes *direct action* in an anarchist context.) *My* space has room neither for Jesus & his lords of the flies nor for Chas. Manson & his literary admirers. I want no mundane police—I want no cosmic axe-murderers either; no TV chainsaw massacres, no sensitive brilliant post-structuralist novels about necrophilia.

As it happens, the AOA can scarcely hope to sabotage the suffocating mechanisms of the State & its ghostly circuitry—but we just *might* happen to find ourselves in a position to do something about lesser manifestations of the DOR plague such as the Corpse-eaters of the Lower East Side & other Art scum. We support artists who use *terrifying* material in some “higher cause”—who use loving/sexual material of any kind, however shocking or illegal—who *use* their anger & disgust & their true desires to lurch toward self-realization & beauty & adventure. “Social Nihilism,” yes—but not the dead nihilism of gnostic self-disgust. Even if it’s violent & abrasive, anyone with even a vestigial 3rd eye can *see* the differences between revolutionary pro-life art & reactionary pro-death

art. DOR stinks, & the Chaote nose can sniff it out—just as it knows the perfume of spiritual/sensual joy, however buried or masked by other darker scents. Even the Radical Right, for all its horror of flesh & of the senses, occasionally comes up with a moment of perception & consciousness-enhancement—but the Death Squads, for all their tired lip-service to fashionable revolutionary abstractions, offer us about as much true libertarian energy as the FBI, FDA or the double-dip Baptists.

We live in a society which advertizes its costliest commodities with images of death & mutilation, beaming them direct to the reptilian back-brain of millions through alpha-wave-generating carcinogenic reality-warping devices—while certain images of life (such as our favorite, a child masturbating) are banned & punished with incredible ferocity. It takes no guts at all to be an Art Sadist, for salacious death lies at the aesthetic center of our Consensus Paradigm. “Leftists” who like to dress up & play Police-&-Victim, people who jerk off to atrocity photos, people who like to *think* & intellectualize about splatter-art & highfalutin hopelessness & groovy ghoulishness & *other peoples’ misery*—such “artists” are nothing but police-without-power (a perfect definition for many “revolutionaries” too). We have a black-bomb for these aesthetic fascists—it explodes with sperm & firecrackers, raucous weeds & piracy, weird Shi’ite heresies & bubbling paradise-fountains, complex rhythms, pulsations of life, all shapeless & exquisite.

Wake up! Breathe! Feel the world’s breath against your skin! Seize the day! Breathe! Breathe!

For Further Reference

The Abolition of Work and other essays by Bob Black is available from Loompanics Unlimited, P.O. Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA, 98368.

Apocalypse Culture by Adam Parfrey is available from Amok Press, P.O. Box 51, Cooper Station, New York, NY, 10276.

Abiezer Coppe: Selected Writings is available from Aporia Press, 308 Camberwell New Road, London, SE5 0RW.

Stanislav Szukalski postcards are available from Glenn Bray, P.O. Box 4482, Sylmar, CA, 91342.

The Satanic Bible and **The Satanic Rituals** by Anton Szandor La Vey are available from Amok Catalogue, P.O. Box 875112, Los Angeles, CA, 90087.

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when love and hate become interchangeable;
prepare to confront a rant.

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